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RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER I.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF RAVENSHOE.

I HAD intended to have gone into quite a family history of the Ravenshoses, from the time of Canute to that of her present Majesty, whom I here humbly congratulate of having wiser advisers than the monarch last mentioned, as she has never yet been so unfortunate as to wet her Royal feet through the bad advice of either party—I had meant, I say, to have been quite diffuse on the annals of one of our oldest commoner families; but, on going into the subject, I found I must either chronicle little affairs which ought to have been forgotten long ago, or do my work in a very patchy and inefficient way. When I say that the Ravenshoses have been engaged in every plot, rebellion, and civil war, from about a century or so before the Conquest to 1745, and that the history of the house is marked by cruelty and rapacity in old times, and in those more modern by political tergiversation of the blackest dye, the reader will understand why I hesitate to say too much in reference to a name which I especially honour. In order, however, that I may give some idea of what the hereditary character of the familiar is, I must just lead the reader's eye lightly over some of the principal events of their history.

The great Irish families have, as is well known, a banshee, or familiar spirit, who, previous to misfortune or death, flits moaning round the ancestral castle.

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Now, although the Ravenshoses, like all respectable houses, have an hereditary lawsuit (a feud with the Humbys, of Hele), a ghost (which the present Ravenshoe claims to have repeatedly seen in early youth), and a buried treasure, yet I have never heard that they had a banshee. Had such been the case, that unfortunate spirit would have had no sinecure of it, but rather must have kept howling night and day for nine hundred years or so, in order to have got through her work at all. For the Ravenshoses were almost always in trouble, and yet had a facility of getting out again, which, to one not aware of the cause, was sufficiently inexplicable. Like the Stuarts, they have always taken the losing side, and yet, unlike the Stuarts, have always kept their heads on their shoulders, and their house over their heads. Lady Ascot says that, if Ambrose Ravenshoe had been attainted in 1745, he'd have been hung as sure as fate: there was evidence enough against him to hang a dozen men. I myself, too, have heard Squire Densit declare, with great pride, that the Ravenshoe of King John's time was the only Baron who did not sign Magna Charta; and, if there were a Ravenshoe at Runnymede, I have not the slightest doubt that such was the case. Through the Rose wars, again, they were always on the wrong side, whichever that might have been, because your Ravenshoe, mind you, was not bound to either side in those times, but changed as he fancied fortune was going. As your Ravenshoe was the sort of man who generally joined

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a party just when their success was indubitable—that is to say, just when the reaction against them was about to set in—he generally found himself among the party which was going down hill, who despised him for not joining them before, and opposed to the rising party, who hated him because he had declared against them. Which little game is common enough in this present century among deep dogs, and men of the world, who seem, as a general rule, to make as little by it as ever did the Ravenshoes.

Well, whatever your trimmers make by their motion now-a-days, the Ravenshoes were not successful either at liberal conservatism, or conservative liberalism. At the end of the reign of Henry VII. they were as poor as Job, or poorer. But, before you have time to think of it, behold, in 1530, there comes you to court a Sir Alured Ravenshoe, who incontinently begins cutting in at the top of the tune, swaggering, swearing, dressing, fighting, dicing, and all that sort of thing, and, what is more, paying his way in a manner which suggests successful burglary as the only solution. Sir Alured, however, as I find, had done no worse than marry an old maid (Miss Hincksey, one of the Staffordshire Hinckseys) with a splendid fortune; which fortune set the family on its legs again for some generations. This Sir Alured seems to have been an audacious rogue. He made great interest with the King, who was so far pleased with his activity in athletic sports that he gave him a post in Ireland. There our Ravenshoe was so fascinated by the charming manners of the Earl of Kildare that he even accompanied that nobleman on a visit to Desmond; and, after a twelvemonth's unauthorized residence in the interior of Ireland, on his return to England, he was put into the Tower for six months to "consider himself."

This Alured seems to have been a deuce of a fellow, a very good type of the family. When British Harry had that difference we wot of with the Bishop of Rome, I find Alured to have been engaged in some five or six Romish plots, such as, had the King been in possession

of facts, would have consigned him to a rather speedy execution. However, the King seems to have looked on this gentleman with a suspicious eye, and to have been pretty well aware what sort of man he was, for I find him writing to his wife, on the occasion of his going to Court—"The King's Grace looked but sourly upon me, and said it should go hard, but that the pitcher which went so off to the well should be broke at last. Thereto I making answer, 'that that should depend on the pitcher, whether it were iron or clomb,' he turned on his heel, and presently departed from me."

He must have been possessed of his full share of family audacity to sharpen his wits on the terrible Harry, with such an unpardonable amount of treason hanging over him. I have dwelt thus long on him, as he seems to have possessed a fair share of the virtues and vices of his family—a family always generous and brave, yet always led astray by bad advisers. This Alured built Ravenshoe house, as it stands to this day, and in which much of the scene of this story is laid.

They seem to have got through the Gunpowder Plot pretty well, though I can show you the closet where one of the minor conspirators, one Watson, lay *perdu* for a week or more after that gallant attempt, more I suspect from the effect of a guilty conscience than any thing else, for I never heard of any distinct charge being brought against him. The Forty-five, however, did not pass quite so easily, and Ambrose Ravenshoe went as near to lose his head as any one of the family since the Conquest. When the news came from the north about the alarming advance of the Highlanders, it immediately struck Ambrose that this was the best opportunity for making a fool of himself that could possibly occur. He accordingly, without hesitation or consultation with any mortal soul, rang the bell for his butler, sent for his stud-groom, mounted every man about the place (twenty or so), armed them, grooms, gardeners, and all, with crossbows and partizans from the armoury, and rode

into the cross, at Stonington, on a market day, and boldly proclaimed the Pretender King. It soon got about that "the Squire" was making a fool of himself, and that there was some fun going; so he shortly found himself surrounded by a large and somewhat dirty rabble, who, with cries of "well done, old rebel!" and "hurrah for the Pope!" escorted him, his terror-stricken butler and his shame-stricken grooms, to the Crown and Sceptre. As good luck would have it, there happened to be in the town that day no less a person than Lord Segur, the leading Roman Catholic nobleman of the county. He, accompanied by several of the leading gentlemen of the same persuasion, burst into the room where the Squire sat, overpowered him, and, putting him bound into a coach, carried him off to Segur castle, and locked him up. It took all the strength of the Popish party to save him from attainder. The Church rallied right bravely round the old house, which had always assisted her with sword and purse, and never once had wavered in its allegiance. So, while nobler heads went down, Ambrose Ravenshoe's remained on his shoulders.

Ambrose died in 1759.

John (Monseigneur) in 1771.

Howard in 1800. He first took the Claycomb hounds.

Petre in 1820. He married Alicia, only daughter of Charles, third Earl of Ascot, and was succeeded by Densil, the first of our dramatis personæ—the first of all this shadowy line that we shall see in the flesh. He was born in the year 1783, and married, first in 1812, at his father's desire, a Miss Winkleigh, of whom I know nothing; and second, at his own desire, in 1823, Susan, fourth daughter of Lawrence Petersham, Esq., of Fairford Grange, county Worcester, by whom he had issue—

Cuthbert, born 1826.

Charles, born 1831.

Densil was an only son. His father, a handsome, careless, good-humoured, but weak and superstitious man, was entirely in the hands of the priests, who during his life were undisputed masters of Ravenshoe. Lady Alicia was, as I

have said, a daughter of Lord Ascot, a Staunton, as staunchly Protestant a house as any in England. She, however, managed to fall in love with the handsome young Popish Squire, and to elope with him, changing not only her name, but, to the dismay of her family, her faith also, and becoming, pervert-like, more actively bigoted than her easy-going husband. She brought little or no money into the family; and, from her portrait, appears to have been exceedingly pretty, and monstrously silly.

To this strong-minded couple was born, two years after their marriage, a son, who was called Densil.

This young gentleman seems to have got on much like other young gentlemen till the age of twenty-one, when it was determined by the higher powers in conclave assembled that he should go to London and see the world; and so, having been cautioned duly how to avoid the flesh and the devil, to see the world he went. In a short time intelligence came to the confessor of the family, and through him to the father and mother, that Densil was seeing the world with a vengeance; that he was the constant companion of the right honourable Viscount Saltire, the great dandy of the Radical Atheist set, with whom no man might play picquet and live; that he had been upset in a tilbury with Mademoiselle Vaurien of Drury-lane at Kensington turnpike; that he had fought the French *émigré*, a Comte De Hautenbas, apropos of the Vaurien aforementioned,—in short, that he was going on at a deuce of a rate: and so a hurried council was called to deliberate what was to be done.

"He will lose his immortal soul," said the Priest.

"He will dissipate his property," said his mother.

"He will go to the devil," said his father.

So Father Clifford, good man, was despatched to London, with post horses, and ordered to bring back the lost sheep *vi et armis*. Accordingly, at ten o'clock one night, Densil's lad was astounded by having to admit Father Clifford, who

demanded immediately to be led to his master.

Now this was awkward, for James well knew what was going on upstairs; but he knew also what would happen sooner or later to a Ravenshoe servant who trifled with the priest, and so he led the way.

The lost sheep which the good father had come to find was not exactly sober this evening, and certainly not in a very good temper. He was playing *écarté* with a singularly handsome though supercilious-looking man, dressed in the height of fashion, who, judging from the heap of gold beside him, had been winning heavily. The priest trembled and crossed himself—this man was the terrible, handsome, wicked, witty, Atheistical, radical Lord Saltire, whose tongue no woman could withstand, and whose pistol no man dared face; who was currently believed to have sold himself to the deuce, or indeed, as some said, to be the deuce himself.

A more cunning man than poor simple Father Clifford would have made some common-place remark and withdrawn, after a short greeting, taking warning by the impatient scowl that settled on Densil's handsome face. Not so he. To be defied by the boy whose law had been his word for ten years past never entered into his head, and he sternly advanced towards the pair.

Densil inquired if anything were the matter at home. And Lord Saltire, anticipating a scene, threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his elegant legs, and looked on with the air of a man who knows he is going to be amused, and composes himself thoroughly to appreciate the entertainment.

"Thus much, my son," said the priest; "your mother is wearing out the stones of the oratory with her knees, praying for her first-born, while he is wasting his substance, and perilling his soul, with debauched Atheistic companions, the enemies of God and man."

Lord Saltire smiled sweetly, bowed elegantly, and took snuff.

"Why do you intrude into my room and insult my guests?" said Densil, cast-

ing an angry glance at the priest, who stood calmly like a black pillar, with his hands folded before him. "It is unendurable."

"*Quem Deus vult*," &c. Father Clifford had seen that scowl once or twice before, but he would not take warning. He said,—

"I am ordered not to go westward without you. I command you to come."

"Command me! command a Ravenshoe!" said Densil furiously.

Father Clifford, by way of mending matters, now began to lose *his* temper.

"You would not be the first Ravenshoe who has been commanded by a priest; ay, and has had to obey too," said he.

"And you will not be the first Jack priest who has felt the weight of a Ravenshoe's wrath," replied Densil brutally.

Lord Saltire leant back, and said to the ambient air, "I'll back the priest, five twenty's to one."

This was too much. Densil would have liked to quarrel with Saltire, but that was death—he was the dearest shot in Europe. He grew furious, and beyond all control. He told the priest to go to (further than purgatory); grew blasphemous; emphatically renouncing the creed of his forefathers, and, in fact, all other creeds. The priest grew hot and furious too, retaliated in no measured terms, and finally left the room with his ears stopped, shaking the dust off his feet as he went. Then Lord Saltire drew up to the table again laughing.

"Your estates are entailed, Ravenshoe, I suppose," said he.

"No."

"Oh! It's your deal, my dear fellow."

Densil got an angry letter from his father in a few days, demanding full apologies and recantations, and an immediate return home. Densil had no apologies to make, and did not intend to return till the end of the season. His father wrote declining the honour of his further acquaintance, and sending him a draft for fifty pounds to pay his outstanding bills, which he very well knew amounted to several thousand pounds.

In a short time the great Catholic tradesmen, with whom he had been dealing, began to press for money in a somewhat insolent way; and now Densil began to see that, by defying and insulting the faith and the party to which he belonged, he had merely cut himself off from rank, wealth, and position. He had defied the *partie prêtre*, and had yet to feel their power. In two months he was in the Fleet prison.

His servant (the title "tiger" came in long after this), a half groom, half valet, such as men kept in those days—a simple lad from Ravenshoe, James Horton by name—for the first time in his life disobeyed orders; for, on being told to return home by Densil, he firmly declined doing so, and carried his top boots and white neckcloth triumphantly into the Fleet, there pursuing his usual avocations with the utmost nonchalance.

"A very distinguished fellow that of yours, Curly," (they all had nicknames for one another in those days,) said Lord Saltire. "If I were not Saltire, I think I would be Jim. To own the only clean face among six hundred fellow creatures is a pre-eminence, a decided pre-eminence. I'll buy him of you."

For Lord Saltire came to see him, snuff-box and all. That morning Densil was sitting brooding in the dirty room with the barred windows, and thinking what a wild free wind would be sweeping across the Downs this fine November day, when the door was opened, and in walks me my lord, with a sweet smile on his face.

He was dressed in the extreme of fashion—a long tailed blue coat with gold buttons, a frill to his shirt, a white cravat, a marvellous short waistcoat, loose short nankeen trousers, low shoes, no gaiters, and a low-crowned hat. I am pretty correct, for I have seen his picture, dated 1804. But you must please to remember that his lordship was in the very van of the fashion, and that probably such a dress was not universal for two or three years afterwards. I wonder if his well-known audacity would be sufficient to make him walk along one of the public

thoroughfares in such a dress, to-morrow, for a heavy bet—I fancy not.

He smiled sardonically—"My dear fellow," he said, "when a man comes on a visit of condolence, I know it is the most wretched taste to say, 'I told you so;' but do me the justice to allow that I offered to back the priest five to one. I have been coming to you all the week, but Tuesday and Wednesday I was at Newmarket; Thursday I was shooting at your Cousin Ascot's; yesterday I did not care about boring myself with you; so I have come to-day because I was at leisure and had nothing better to do."

Densil looked up savagely, thinking he had come to insult him; but the kindly, compassionate look in the piercing grey eye belied the cynical curl of the mouth, and disarmed him. He leant his head upon the table, and sobbed.

Lord Saltire laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said—

"You have been a fool, Ravenshoe; you have denied the faith of your forefathers. Pardieu, if I had such an article, I would not have thrown it so lightly away."

"You talk like this? Who next? It was your conversation led me to it. Am I worse than you? What faith have you, in God's name?"

"The faith of a French Lycée, my friend; the only one I ever had. I have been sufficiently consistent to that, I think."

"Consistent, indeed," groaned poor Densil.

"Now, look here," said Saltire; "I may have been to blame in this. But I give you my honour, I had no more idea that you would be obstinate enough to bring matters to this pass, than I had that you would burn down Ravenshoe house because I laughed at it for being old-fashioned. Go home, my poor little Catholic pipkin, and don't try to swim with iron pots like Wrekin and me. Make submission to that singularly *distingué*-looking old turkey-cock of a priest, kiss your mother, and get your usual autumn's hunting and shooting."

"Too late! too late, now!" sobbed Densil.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Saltire, taking a pinch of snuff; "the partridges will be a little wild, of course—that you must expect; but you ought to get some very pretty pheasant and cock-shooting. Come, say yes. Have your debts paid, and get out of this infernal hole. A week of this would tame the devil, I should think."

"If you think you could do anything for me, Saltire."

Saltire immediately retired, and re-appeared leading in a lady by her hand. She raised the veil from her head, and he saw his mother. In a moment she was crying on his neck; and, as he looked over her shoulder, he saw a blue coat passing out of the door, and that was the last of Lord Saltire for the present.

It was no part of the game of the priests to give Densil a cold welcome home. Twenty smiling faces were grouped in the porch to welcome him back; and among them all none smiled more brightly than the old priest and his father. The dogs went wild with joy, and his favourite peregrine scolded on the falconer's wrist, and struggled with her jesses, shrilly reminding him of the merry old days by the dreary salt marsh, or the lonely lake.

The past was never once alluded to in any way by any one in the house. Only Squire Petre shook hands with faithful James, and gave him a watch, ordering him to ride a certain colt next day, and see how well forward he could get him. So next day they drew the home covers, and the fox, brave fellow, ran out to Parkside, making for the granite walls of Hessitor. And, when Densil felt his nostrils filled once more by the free rushing mountain air, he shouted aloud for joy, and James's voice alongside of him said—

"This is better than the Fleet, sir."

And so Densil played a single wicket-match with the Holy Church, and, like a great many other people, got bowled out in the first innings. He returned to his allegiance in the most exemplary manner, and settled down into the most humdrum

of young country gentlemen. He did exactly what every one else about him did. He was not naturally a profligate or vicious man; but there was a wild devil of animal passion in him, which had broken out in London, and which was now quieted by dread of consequences, but which he felt and knew was there, and might break out again. He was a changed man. There was a gulf between him and the life he had led before he went to London. He had tasted of liberty (or rather, not to profane that Divine word, of licentiousness), and yet not drunk long enough to make him weary of the draught. He had heard the dogmas he was brought up to believe infallible turned to unutterable ridicule by men like Saltire and Wrekin; men who, as he had the wit to see, were a thousand times cleverer and better informed than Father Clifford or Father Dennis. In short, he had found out, as a great many others have, that Popery won't hold water, and so, as a *pis aller*, he adopted Saltire's creed,—that religion was necessary for the government of States, that one religion was as good as another, and that, *ceteris paribus*, the best religion was the one which secured the possessor 10,000*l.* a year; and therefore Densil was a devout Catholic.

It was thought by the allied powers that he ought to marry. He had no objection, and so he married a young lady, a Miss Winkleigh—Catholic, of course—about whom I can get no information whatever. Lady Ascot says that she was a pale girl, with about as much air as a milkmaid; on which two facts I can build no theory as to her personal character. She died in 1816, childless; and in 1820 Densil lost both his father and mother, and found himself, at the age of thirty-seven, master of Ravenshoe, and master of himself.

He felt the loss of the old folks most keenly, more keenly than that of his wife. He seemed without a stay or hold-fast in the world, for he was a poorly-educated man, without resources; and so he went on moping and brooding until good old Father Clifford, who loved him dearly, got alarmed, and recommended

travels. He recommended Rome, the cradle of the faith, and to Rome he went.

He stayed in Rome a year; at the end of which time he appeared suddenly at home with a beautiful young wife on his arm. As Father Clifford, trembling and astonished, advanced to lay his hand upon her head, she drew up, laughed, and said, "Spare yourself the trouble, my dear sir; I am a Protestant."

I have had to tell you all this, in order to show you how it came about that Densil, though a Papist, be thought of marrying a Protestant wife to keep up a balance of power in his house. For, if he had not married this lady, the hero of this book would never have been born; and this greater proposition contains the less, "that, if he had never been born, his history would never have been written, and so this book would have had no existence."

CHAPTER II.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE FOREGOING.

THE second Mrs. Ravenshoe was the handsome dowerless daughter of a Worcester squire of good standing, who, being blessed with an extravagant son, and six handsome daughters, had lived for several years abroad, finding society more accessible, and consequently the matrimonial chances of the "Petersham girls" proportionately greater than in England. She was a handsome, proud woman, not particularly clever, or particularly agreeable, or particularly anything, except particularly self-possessed. She had been long enough looking after an establishment to know thoroughly the value of one, and had seen quite enough of good houses to know that a house without a mistress was no house at all. Accordingly, in a very few days the house felt her presence, submitted with the best grace to her not unkindly rule, and in a week they all felt as if she had been there for years.

Father Clifford, who longed only for peace, and was getting very old, got very fond of her, heretic as she was. She,

too, liked the handsome, gentlemanly old man, and made herself agreeable to him, as a woman of the world knows so well how to do. Father Mackworth, on the other hand, his young coadjutor since Father Dennis's death, an importation of Lady Alicia's from Rome, very soon fell under her displeasure. The first Sunday after her arrival she drove to Church, and occupied the great old family pew, to the immense astonishment of the rustics, and, after afternoon service, caught up the old vicar in her imperious off-hand way, and, will he nill he, carried him off to dinner—at which meal he was horrified to find himself sitting with two shaven priests, who talked Latin and crossed themselves. His embarrassment was greatly increased by the behaviour of Mrs. Ravenshoe, who admired his sermon, and spoke on doctrinal points with him as though there were not a priest within a mile. Father Mackworth was imprudent enough to begin talking at him, and at last said something unmistakeably impertinent; upon which Mrs. Ravenshoe put her glass in her eye, and favoured him with such a glance of haughty astonishment as silenced him at once.

This was the beginning of hostilities between them, if one can give the name of hostilities to a series of infinitesimal annoyances on the one side, and to unmeasurable and barely concealed contempt on the other. Mackworth, on the one hand, knew that she understood and despised him, and he hated her. She, on the other hand, knew that he knew it, but thought him too much below her to notice, save now and then that she might put down with a high hand any, even the most distant, approach to a tangible impertinence. But she was no match for him in the arts of petty, delicate, galling annoyances. There he was her master; he had been brought up in a good school for that, and had learnt his lesson kindly. He found out that she disliked his presence, and shrunk from his smooth, lean face with unutterable dislike. From that moment he was always in her way, overwhelming

her with oily politeness, rushing across the room to pick up anything she had dropped, or to open the door, till it required the greatest restraint to avoid breaking through all forms of politeness and bidding him begone. But why should we go on detailing trifles like these, which in themselves are nothing, but accumulated are unbearable?

So it went on till, one morning, about two years after the marriage, Mackworth appeared in Clifford's room, and, yawning, threw himself into a chair.

"Benedicite," said Father Clifford, who never neglected religious etiquette on any occasion.

Mackworth stretched out his legs and yawned, rather rudely, and then relapsed into silence. Father Clifford went on reading. At last Mackworth spoke.

"I'll tell you what, my good friend, I am getting sick of this; I shall go back to Rome."

"To Rome?"

"Yes, back to Rome," repeated the other impertinently, for he always treated the good old priest with contemptuous insolence when they were alone. "What is the use of staying here, fighting that woman? There is no more chance of turning her than a rock, and there is going to be no family."

"You think so?" said Clifford.

"Good heaven, does it look like it. Two years, and not a sign; besides, should I talk of going, if I thought so? *Then* there would be a career worthy of me; then I should have a chance of deserving well of the Church, by keeping a wavering family in her bosom. And I could do it too: every child would be a fresh weapon in my hands against that woman. Clifford, do you think that Ravenshoe is safe?"

He said this so abruptly that Clifford coloured and started. Mackworth at the same time turned suddenly upon him, and scrutinized his face keenly.

"Safe!" said the old man, "What makes you fear otherwise?"

"Nothing special," said Mackworth; "only I have never been easy since you told me of that London escapade years ago."

"He has been very devout ever since," said Clifford. "I fear nothing."

"Humph! Well, I am glad to hear it," said Mackworth. "I shall go to Rome. I'd sooner be gossiping with Alphonse and Pierre in the cloisters than vegetating here. My talents are thrown away."

He departed down the winding steps of the priests' turret, which led to the flower garden. The day was fine, and a pleasant seat a short distance off invited him to sit. He could get a book he knew from the drawing-room and sit there. So, with habitually noiseless tread, he passed along the dark corridor, and opened the drawing-room door.

Nobody was there. The book he wanted was in the little drawing-room beyond, separated from the room he was in by a partly-drawn curtain. The priest advanced silently over the deep piled carpet and looked in.

The summer sunlight, struggling through a waving bower of climbing plants and the small panes of a deeply mullioned window, fell upon two persons, at the sight of whom he paused, and, holding his breath, stood, like a black statue in the gloomy room, wrapped in astonishment.

He had never in his life heard these twain use any words beyond those of common courtesy towards one another; he had thought them the most indifferent, the coldest pair, he had ever seen. But now! now, the haughty beauty was bending from her chair over her husband, who sat on a stool at her feet; her arm was round his neck, and her hand was in his, and; as he looked, she parted the clustering black curls from his forehead and kissed him.

He bent forward and listened more eagerly. He could hear the surf on the shore, the sea-birds on the cliffs, the nightingale in the wood; they fell upon his ear, but he could not distinguish them; he waited only for one of the two figures before him to speak.

At last Mrs. Ravenshoe broke silence, but in so low a voice that even he, whose attention was strained to the uttermost, could barely catch what she said.

"I yield, my love," said she; "I give you this one, but mind the rest are mine. I have your solemn promise for that?"

"My solemn promise," said Densil, and kissed her again.

"My dear," she resumed, "I wish you could get rid of that priest, that Mackworth. He is irksome to me."

"He was recommended to my especial care by my mother," was Densil's reply. "If you could let him stay I should much rather."

"Oh, let him stay!" said she, "he is too contemptible for me to annoy myself about. But I distrust him, Densil. He has a lowering look sometimes."

"He is talented and agreeable," said Densil; "but I never liked him."

The listener turned to go, having heard enough, but was arrested by her continuing,—

"By the bye, my love, do you know that that impudent girl Norah has been secretly married this three months."

The priest listened more intently than ever.

"Who to?" asked Densil.

"To James, your keeper."

"I am glad of that. That lad James stuck to me in prison, Susan, when they all left me. She is a fine faithful creature, too. Mind you give her a good scolding."

Mackworth had heard enough apparently, for he stole gently away through the gloomy room, and walked musingly up stairs to Father Clifford.

That excellent old man took up the conversation just where it had left off.

"And when," said he, "my brother, do you propose returning to Rome?"

"I shall not go to Rome at all," was the satisfactory reply, followed by a deep silence.

In a few months, much to Father Clifford's joy and surprise, Mrs. Ravenshoe bore a noble boy, which was named Cuthbert. Cuthbert was brought up in the Romish faith, and at five years old had just begun to learn his prayers of Father Clifford, when an event occurred equally unexpected by all parties. Mrs. Ravenshoe was again found to be in a condition to make an addition to her family.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH OUR HERO'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

If you were a lazy yachtsman, sliding on a summer's day, before a gentle easterly breeze, over the long swell from the Atlantic, past the south-westerly shores of the British channel, you would find, after sailing all day beneath shoreless headlands of black slate, that the land suddenly fell away and sunk down, leaving, instead of beetling cliffs, a lovely amphitheatre of hanging wood and lawn, fronted by a beach of yellow sand—a pleasing contrast to the white surf and dark crag to which your eye had got accustomed.

This beautiful semicircular basin is about two miles in diameter, surrounded by hills on all sides, save that which is open to the sea. East and west the headlands stretch out a mile or more, forming a fine bay open to the north; while behind, landward, the downs roll up above the woodlands, a bare expanse of grass and grey stone. Half way along the sandy beach, a trout-stream comes foaming out of a dark wood, and finds its way across the shore in fifty sparkling channels; and the eye, caught by the silver thread of water, is snatched away above and beyond it, along a wooded glen, the cradle of the stream, which pierces the country landward for a mile or two, till the misty vista is abruptly barred by a steep blue hill, which crosses the valley at right angles. A pretty little village stands at the mouth of the stream, and straggles with charming irregularity along the shore for a considerable distance westward; while behind, some little distance up the glen, a handsome church tower rises from among the trees. There are some fishing boats at anchor, there are some small boats on the beach, there is a coasting schooner beached and discharging coal, there are some fishermen lounging, there are some nets drying, there are some boys bathing, there are two grooms exercising four handsome horses; but it is not upon horses, men, boats, ship, village, church, or stream that you will find your eye resting, but upon a noble, turreted, deep-

porched, grey-stone mansion, that stands on the opposite side of the stream, about a hundred feet above the village.

On the east bank of the little river, just where it joins the sea, abrupt lawns of grass and fern, beautifully broken by groups of birch and oak, rise above the dark woodlands, at the culminating point of which, on a buttress which runs down from the higher hills behind, stands the house I speak of, the north front looking on the sea, and the west on the wooded glen before mentioned—the house on a ridge dividing the two. Immediately behind again the dark woodlands begin once more, and above them is the moor.

The house itself is of grey stone, built in the time of Henry VIII. The façade is exceedingly noble, though irregular; the most striking feature in the north or sea front being a large dark porch, open on three sides, forming the basement of a high stone tower, which occupies the centre of the building. At the north-west corner (that towards the village) rises another tower of equal height; and behind, above the irregular groups of chimneys, the more modern cupola of the stables shows itself as the highest point of all, and gives, combined with the other towers, a charming air of irregularity to the whole. The windows are mostly long, low, and heavily mullioned, and the walls are battlemented.

On approaching the house you find that it is built very much after the fashion of a college, with a quadrangle in the centre. Two sides of this, the north and west, are occupied by the house, the south by the stables, and the east by a long and somewhat handsome chapel, of greater antiquity than the rest of the house. The centre of this quad, in place of the trim grass-plot, is occupied by a tan lunging ring, in the centre of which stands a granite basin filled with crystal water from the hills. In front of the west wing a terraced flower-garden goes step by step towards the stream, till the smooth-shaven lawns almost mingle with the wild ferny heather turf of the park, where the dappled deer browse, and the rabbit runs to and fro busily. On the north, towards the sea, there are no

gardens; but a noble gravel terrace, divided from the park only by a deep rampart, runs along beneath the windows; and to the east the deer-park stretches away till lawn and glade are swallowed up in the encroaching woodland.

Such is Ravenshoe Hall at the present day, and such it was on the tenth of June, 1831 (I like to be particular), as regards the still life of the place; but, if one had then regarded the living inhabitants, one would have seen signs of an unusual agitation. Round the kitchen door stood a group of female servants talking eagerly together; and, at the other side of the court, some half-dozen grooms and helpers were evidently busy on the same theme, till the appearance of the stud groom entering the yard—suddenly dispersed them right and left to do nothing with superabundant energy.

To them also entered a lean, quiet looking man, about forty. We have seen him before. He was our old friend Jim, who had attended Densil in the Fleet-prison in old times. He had some time before this married a beautiful Irish Catholic waiting-maid of Lady Alicia's, by whom he had a daughter, now five years old, and a son aged one week. He walked across the yard to where the women were talking, and addressed them.

"How is my lady to-night?" said he.

"Holy Mother of God!" said a weeping Irish housemaid, "she's worse."

"How's the young master?"

"Hearty, a darling; crying his little eyes out, he is, a-bless him."

"He'll be bigger than Master Cuthbert, I'll warrant ye," said a portly cook.

"When was he born?" asked James.

"Nigh on two hours," said the other speaker.

At this conjuncture a groom came running through the passage, putting a note in his hat as he went; he came to the stud-groom, and said hurriedly, "A note for Dr. Marcy, at Lancelton, sir. What horse am I to take?"

"Trumpeter. How is my lady?"

"Going, as far as I can gather, sir."

James waited until he heard him dash

full speed out of the yard, and then till he saw him disappear like a speck along the mountain road far aloft; then he went into the house, and, getting as near to the sick room as he dared, waited quietly on the stairs.

It was a house of woe, indeed! Two hours before, one feeble, wailing little creature had taken up his burthen, and begun his weary pilgrimage across the unknown desolate land that lay between him and the grave—for a part of which you and I are to accompany him; while his mother even now was preparing for her rest, yet striving for the child's sake to lengthen the last few weary steps of her journey, that they two might walk, were if never so short a distance, together.

The room was very still. Faintly the pure scents and sounds stole into the chamber of death from the blessed summer air without; gently came the murmur of the surf upon the sands; fainter and still fainter came the breath of the dying mother. The babe lay beside her, and her arm was round its body. The old vicar knelt by the bed, and Densil stood with folded arms and bowed head, watching the face which had grown so dear to him, till the light should die out from it for ever. Only those four in the chamber of death!

The sighing grew louder, and the eye grew once more animated. She reached out her hand, and, taking one of the vicar's, laid it upon the baby's head. Then she looked at Densil, who was now leaning over her, and with a great effort spoke.

"Densil, dear, you will remember your promise?"

"I will swear it, my love."

A few more laboured sighs, and a greater effort: "Swear it to me, love."

He swore that he would respect the promise he had made, so help him God!

The eyes were fixed now, and all was still. Then there was a long sigh; then there was a long silence; then the vicar rose from his knees and looked at Densil. There were but three in the chamber now.

Densil passed through the weeping women, and went straight to his own study. There he sat down, tearless, musing much about her who was gone.

How he had grown to love that woman, he thought—her that he had married for her beauty and her pride, and had thought so cold and hard! He remembered how the love of her had grown stronger, year by year, since their first child was born. How he had respected her for her firmness and consistency; and how often, he thought, had he sheltered his weakness behind her strength! His right hand was gone, and he was left alone to do battle by himself!

One thing was certain. Happen what would, his promise should be respected, and this last boy, just born, should be brought up a Protestant as his mother had wished. He knew the opposition he would have from Father Mackworth, and determined to brave it. And, as the name of that man came into his mind, some of his old fierce, savage nature broke out again, and he almost cursed him aloud.

"I hate that fellow! I should like to defy him, and let him do his worst. I'd do it, now she's gone, if it wasn't for the boys. No, hang it, it wouldn't do. If I'd told him under seal of confession, instead of letting him grub it out, he couldn't have hung it over me like this. I wish he was—"

If Father Mackworth had had the slightest inkling of the state of mind of his worthy patron towards him, it is very certain that he would not have chosen that very moment to rap at the door. The most acute of us make a mistake sometimes; and he, haunted with vague suspicions since the conversation he had overheard in the drawing-room before the birth of Cuthbert, grew impatient, and determined to solve his doubts at once, and, as we have seen, selected the singularly happy moment when poor passionate Densil was cursing him to his heart's content.

"Brother, I am come to comfort you," he said, opening the door before Densil

had time, either to finish the sentence written above, or to say 'Come in.' "This is a heavy affliction, and the heavier because—"

"Go away," said Densil, pointing to the door.

"Nay, nay," said the priest, "hear me—"

"Go away!" said Densil, in a louder tone. "Do you hear me? I want to be alone, and I mean to be. Go!"

How recklessly defiant weak men get when they are once fairly in a rage! Densil, who was in general civilly afraid of this man, would have defied fifty such as he now.

"There is one thing, Mr. Ravenshoe," said the priest, in a very different tone, "about which I feel it my duty to speak to you, in spite of the somewhat unreasonable form your grief has assumed. I wish to know what you mean to call your son."

"Why?"

"Because he is ailing" (this was false), "and I wish to baptise him."

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir," said Densil, as red as a turkey-cock. "He will be baptised in proper time in the parish church. He is to be brought up a protestant."

The priest looked steadily at Densil, who, now brought fairly to bay, was bent on behaving like a valiant man, and said slowly,—

"So my suspicions are confirmed then, and you have determined to hand over your son to eternal perdition" (he didn't say perdition, he used a stronger word, which we will dispense with, if you have no objection).

"Perdition, sir!" bawled Densil. "How dare you talk of a son of mine in that free and easy sort of way? Why, what my family has done for the Church ought to keep a dozen generations of Ravenshoes from a possibility of perdition, sir. Don't tell me."

This new and astounding theory of justification by works, which poor Densil had broached in his wrath, was overheard by a round-faced bright-eyed curly-headed man about fifty, who entered the room suddenly, followed by

James. For one instant, you might have seen a smile of intense amusement pass over his merry face; but in an instant it was gone again, and he gravely addressed Densil.

"My dear Mr. Ravenshoe, I must use my authority as doctor, to request that your son's spiritual welfare should for the present yield to his temporal necessities. You must have a wet nurse, my good sir."

Densil's brow had grown placid in a moment, beneath the Doctor's kindly glance. "God bless me," he said, "I never thought of it. Poor little lad! poor little lad!"

"I hope, sir," said James, "that you will let Norah have the young master. She has set her heart upon it."

"I have seen Mrs. Horton," said the Doctor, "and I quite approve of the proposal. I think it indeed a most special providence that she should be able to undertake it. Had it been otherwise, we might have been undone."

"Let us go at once," said the impetuous Densil. "Where is the nurse? where is the boy?" And, so saying, he hurried out of the room, followed by the Doctor and James.

Mackworth stood alone, looking out of the window, silent. He stood so long that one who watched him peered from his hiding place more than once to see if he were gone. At length he raised his arm and struck his clenched hand against the rough granite window-sill so hard that he brought blood. Then he moodily left the room.

As soon as the room was quiet, a child about five years old crept stealthily from a dark corner where he had laid hidden, and, with a look of mingled shyness and curiosity on his face, departed quietly by another door.

Meanwhile, Densil, James, and the Doctor, accompanied by the nurse and baby, were holding their way across the court-yard towards a cottage which lay in the wood beyond the stables. James opened the door, and they passed into the inner room.

A beautiful woman was sitting propped up by pillows, nursing a week-old

child. The sunlight, admitted by a half-open shutter, fell upon her, lighting up her delicate features, her pale pure complexion, and bringing a strange sheen on her long loose black hair. Her face was bent down gazing on the child which lay on her breast, and at the entrance of the party she looked up, and displayed a large lustrous dark blue eye, which lighted up with infinite tenderness as Densil, taking the wailing boy from the nurse, placed it on her arm beside the other."

"Take care of that for me, Norah," said Densil. "It has no mother but you, now."

"Acushla ma chree," she answered, "bless my little bird. Come to your nest, Achree; come to your pretty brother, my darlin'."

(To be continued.)

The child's wailing was stilled now, and the Doctor remarked, and remembered long afterwards, that the little waxen fingers, clutching uneasily about, came in contact with the little hand of the other child, and paused there. At this moment, a beautiful little girl, about five years old, got on the bed and nestled her peachy cheek against her mother's. As they went out, he turned and looked at the beautiful group once more, and then he followed Densil back to the house of mourning.

Reader, before we have done with those three innocent little faces, we shall see them distorted and changed by many passions, and shall meet them in many strange places. Come, take my hand, and we will follow them on to the end.

BOOKS OF GOSSIP: SHERIDAN AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

DEAR SIR,

It is now upwards of a year since we discussed the plan of a work projected by me—"The Lives of the Sheridans;" a task relinquished (with many others) in the grief caused by the illness and death of my son.

My attention has been recalled to the subject by the appearance of three works of anecdotal biography, severally entitled "The Wits and Beaux of Society," "The Queens of Society," and "Traits of Character;" of which books. I think the most impartial critic could only speak in terms of severity, forming as they do a dangerous epoch in the current literature of our day; for they appear to be a revived embodiment of a race of newspapers fortunately extinct—dug-up skeletons of *The Age*, *The Satirist*, and the like, without the wit of these journals, or one spark of their political vitality.

Of these three productions, one has been published anonymously; the other two profess to be written by "Grace and Philip Wharton;" and whether such

titles be merely the assumed *alias* of some person or persons, whose trade is to "filch from others their good names," matters little. The books are essentially the same, and cast in the same mould. They degrade the genial service of biography, which has been prettily termed "the handmaid of history," to the maundering scandal of an old nurse's gossip; and reduce the value of recorded facts to a snip-and-scissor compilation of worthless anecdotes. Affecting an extreme regard for decorum, discretion, and Christian grace, they proceed to narrate stories which no modest woman would desire to believe or to remember, and which no honest man would willingly disseminate. With a canting compliment to the encouragement of morality in "the goodness, affection, purity, and benevolence, which are the household deities of the Court of our beloved, inestimable Queen Victoria," they preface the grossest notices of the chief families of her kingdom; such as may be found in the allusion to "the Mar-

chioness's *three papas*,"—in the raking up of buried vice and forgotten follies,—in the tearing away the decent curtain of silence that hung over sad family secrets; declaring madness to be inherent and hereditary in one race, disease in another, profligacy in a third, and branding a fourth with illegitimacy, till we may fairly dread to leave such volumes on our tables, lest our daughters should look into them, and ask if our fathers really *were* as base and as vicious as they are there represented!

Such works are not "biographies," neither are they "sketches of character:" the confusion of worthless trash with works of authority only increases their mischief; but they will be read, and therefore I notice them. Every man who lives a public life is in the power of other men as to his biography. Obscurity is a thicker shield than virtue; and the man who does his best in a public position is yet less safe from slander than he who does nothing and dies unknown. The biographer, however, who volunteers to condemn or absolve a public man, has undertaken a responsibility, both towards the dead of whom he writes, and the living for whom he writes, the solemnity of which never seems to cross the minds of these tattlers and parrots of literature, whose pages are made up of borrowed phrases. "Dead men tell no tales:"—neither can they answer any tales that are told of them. A dead man cannot, as the living might, prosecute for slander—challenge for insult—or justify himself to friends against false accusation. But the ninth commandment is not annulled by the death of our neighbour. "Thou shalt not bear false witness," remains God's law, though his creature depart; and those who use their living hands to engrave yet deeper in a country's annals abuse of that country's noted and remarkable men, should, at least, in their consciences believe that they have so sifted evidence as to be able to deliver a true verdict,—*"So help them God!"*

Now, in the three publications to which I here refer, there are numberless notices which I personally *know* to be

untrue, but which it in no way concerns me to comment on or contradict. One only biography personally interests me,—the biography of Sheridan—of whom certainly those words might long since have been spoken which were applied to another victim; namely, that he has been "the best abused man in England." A book of such sketches as these would be incomplete without a vulgar edition of the received and adopted chapters "on Sheridan." Having, therefore, snipped and scissored from Watkins, Moore, Earle, Leigh Hunt, &c., "Grace and Philip Wharton," in the exercise of their craft as biographers, first pronounce that Sheridan was greatly overrated as to ability—in fact, was a very ordinary man—and then proceed to the amazing assertion that *the fact of Sheridan's being born in a respectable position of life alone prevented his being transported as a felon; which, had he belonged to a poorer class, would assuredly have been his fate!* Having given vent to this extraordinary piece of scurrilous condemnation, the conscientious couple coolly wind up by this printed and published confession,—*that they have not examined into the veracity of any of the anecdotes; it is enough that they were current!* They have not "examined into the veracity" of any of the anecdotes! That is the point from which I start. I nail up that sentence—like a kite, or any other small bird of prey, with wings extended—as a scarecrow to biographers. They have not "examined into the veracity" of the anecdotes. But it is surely the first duty of those who abuse dead men—the first duty of Christian biographers towards their departed "neighbours"—to examine very strictly into the "veracity" of all anecdotes on the strength of which such severe sentence is pronounced. Abuse has seldom been followed by an admission at once so ridiculous and so disgraceful. They "have not examined into the veracity of their anecdotes;" if they had, they would have known they were disseminating falsehoods and vulgar inventions. They have not examined into the veracity of their slander, but, like

the roadside *gamin*, merely stooped to take from the mud the readiest stone that came to hand, to fling it with a whoop and a halloo at the passer-by.

"Accidental" biography would be a better title for such books than "anecdotal" biography.

Soon after Sheridan died, a Dr. Watkins published a memoir of him: wretchedly ill-written, and admitted by all contemporaries to be replete with incorrect statements. The proposal was then made to Tom Moore to write a life that should give a better idea of the man whose memory was so poorly perpetuated. Lord Melbourne had begun a life of Sheridan. When he found that Moore had received these proposals from an eminent publisher, he gave up the task. He did more; he gave to Moore those portions which he had written, to make what use of he pleased; taking it for granted,—with that simplicity and modesty which accompanies high intellect, and which all the brilliant success of his after career left unaltered,—that Moore, the established author, the celebrated poet, was a fitter literary craftsman than himself, and would do better what all desired should be done. Lord Melbourne afterwards said he never regretted anything more than having resolved to give up those papers, and to abandon the idea of writing a memoir, which again, in Moore's hands, turned out to be so utterly unsatisfactory. It is a singular fact that, in all the biographies Moore wrote, he contrived to lower the subject of his biography in public estimation. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Byron, Sheridan, all fared alike in this respect. But it is little to be wondered at, if all were prepared for the press in the same way. Moore himself, in his posthumous journals, let us into the secret of his non-success. He says—"I am quite sick of this life of Sheridan. I can learn nothing about him. I am going to call on Sukey Ogle to ascertain if she can tell me anything." Like others who have followed him, he was not disposed to question too closely the sources of his information; wheat or tares, he must go a-gleaning! But, to those who knew Sheridan and

his family relations, this proposed application to an eccentric old maiden lady, a distant connexion of Sheridan's second wife, for the help so sorely needed to wind up a task the author was "sick of,"—reveals much of the cause of Moore's unexpected failure, in spite of his brilliant name.

And now the many memoirs,—prefaces to plays, notices in magazines, and thin pamphlet letters,—budded and sprouted with the proverbial luxuriance of ill-weeds. These, again, were copied from hand to hand: snip, snip, and echo, echo,—the same old stories, and a few new ones,—or a few old stories, and a great many new ones (all made on the same pattern), forming the loose warp and woof of pages "made to sell." Every one who brought out an edition of "Sheridan's plays," or "Sheridan's works," or "Sheridan's speeches," brought out also his own idea of a memoir; and stories were accepted as truths, merely on the excellent old lady's principle—that they had been "*printed in black and white*." Every foolish anecdote that could be invented by friend or foe—the dullest jokes, the most ungentlemanlike shifts and contrivances—were all set down to Sheridan, and accepted by the million. And every fresh batch of invented trash sank him one degree lower from his true level.

It was reserved for "Grace and Philip Wharton" (or whoever may skulk behind that *alias*,) to write at last the most foolish, false, and abusive of the many inferior memoirs that have been based on those hasty originals.

Following "the lead," in their trashy abridgment of more tedious gossip—(but with more vulgarity,—the great jest of their pages consisting in calling Sheridan and his wife "Sherry and Betsy,"—) great stress is laid on the drunkenness of Sheridan. To read notices of this kind, one would imagine Sheridan was the only drunken man of his day. Was Pitt sober? Was Fox sober? Were they not, on the contrary, models of intemperance? Was not that vice the habitual and constant temptation of the time? Were not doors locked on re-

• luctant guests, who desired to keep uninjured what little brains they had? and was not the principal boast of a gentleman how many bottles he could stand? Did not Lord Cockburn's Memoirs open to us a vista of toast-drinking and inebriety perfectly inconceivable to our modernized tastes, but which was the "fashionable life" of that "Tom and Jerry" day? Sheridan was drunk as his companions were drunk, and with his drunken companions—with a drunken prince royal and the drunken ministers of the crown—but there can be little doubt that the more finely organized the brain, the more fatal the consequences of such swinish excitement.

He is accused of more than carelessness in money matters. Moore has admitted that, if those around him had been as true as himself, his debts could have been paid over and over again. No doubt Sheridan was improvident. Artists, writers, all these merchant speculators in brain-produce, are proverbially so. Nothing makes a man so improvident as an uncertain income; rich to-day, and poor to-morrow, is the root of all carelessness: and woe to that man's regularity in affairs who imagines he can gather gold at will, in an "El Dorado" of his own wits!

But there again, taking him with his contemporaries, the harder measure dealt to Sheridan seems inexplicable. Fox's debts were paid three times—who paid Sheridan's? The Prince of Wales had his El Dorado in a submissive nation, and a subservient Parliament. It seems always to be forgotten that, in the burning of the theatre, both the real and speculative portion of Sheridan's means were destroyed. Had that galleon of his wealth not gone down, these Shylock scribblers might never have claimed their right to such cutting censures. The loss of a resource on which his whole fortune was embarked—like the breaking of banks, and the mercantile dishonesty which has suddenly impoverished so many in our own day—makes it impossible to judge what would have been the result, if success, instead of ruin, had been Sheridan's lot.

The accusation of gambling I pass. It is simply the most shallow of falsehoods; for though to Fox and many of his companions cards were an overwhelming temptation, Sheridan was extremely averse to them.

I might also pass the slander which would attack alike his memory as a husband, and the memory of the beautiful St. Cecilia as a wife. A more affectionate husband than Sheridan never lived. All the flatteries of society failed to wean him from the early love he won with his blood, and at the death of his wife his grief was such as to alarm his nearest friends. At no time of her harmless and innocent career would that lovely wife have been able to find in his neglect what Grace and Philip Wharton seem to consider a sufficient and natural excuse for conjugal infidelity. While Fox lived with a mistress—whilst the Prince of Wales declared upon his "honour" to the Senate of England that the woman was a mere paramour with whom he had gone through the sacred ceremony of marriage—while many round him were very masters in the art of debauchery—Sheridan's dream of happiness was still "domestic life!" If, as is sneeringly stated, he did not sufficiently agree with Lockhart's lovely lines—

"When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be faithful to the Dead,
The Dead can not deceive,"—

if he sought later in life to renew the vanished dream, and bring "a glory out of gloom," it is at least a proof that his notions of the glory or the gloom of love lay in the bounded circle of HOME; and perhaps no more touching praise can be bestowed on his first wife than this, that while *she* lived his faults were not known as they were afterwards.

In politics, his worst foes cannot say he was not consistent—to his hurt, to the loss of personal advantage—anxious, not to advance private rivalries but public reforms; eager, chiefly in all questions that affected the oppressed, the struggling, and the helpless.

His friendship for a bad and ungrateful prince was, at least, a real enthusiasm; and if Moore's scornful lines—

"The heart whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low,

Deserves that thou shouldst break it,"—

apply to him, he shared the common martyrdom of those who pin their faith on that tempted and selfish class whom we have Scriptural warrant for distrusting, and who, in all ages and all countries, have rewarded fawning better than fair service.

The account of Sheridan's death-bed is as nearly fabulous as any narration can be; but it is the current "copied" account, and passes muster with the rest. And now, we may fairly ask, if such "biographies" be true, how came this man, so abused, so run down, whose faults were so prodigious, whose merits were *nil*, to occupy the position he did when living? There is a great deal of sneering at his being the "son of an actor:" one of the favourite fables is, that he would have been blackballed at his club—as the "son of an actor"—but for a stratagem of the Prince of Wales. We will suppose this to be a fact instead of a fiction—we will suppose that a set of frivolous dandies *did* oppose the entrance into their club of that man whose tomb was to be in Westminster Abbey—we will further suppose that acting is the most degrading pursuit any man can follow; that it does not, (as the uninitiated might imagine) require the education of a gentleman, an understanding mind, a passionate heart, the kindling warmth that fires at noble thoughts, grace of gesture, feeling for poetry, and, lastly, the tongue of the orator with the scholar's brain, fitly to succeed in such an art,—but that, on the contrary, any fool may be taught to mimic,—as parrots are brought to copy the coaxing intonation of "Poor Polly," or Grace and Philip Wharton to imitate authors. We will suppose that to be the child of an actor is an ineffaceable stain. We will not open our Peerage to learn whether the actresses and daughters of actors there inscribed, have held their

places nobly and purely amongst our variously allied aristocracy; or whether *their* children are the recreant, the defaulting, the vicious, and the fugitive, of the races who boast proud names. We will take it for granted that Burns's great line—"a man's a man for a' that,"—stops short of the *tabooed* profession, and that actors are the Pariahs of civilized life. How did it happen, then, that a man labouring under such a disadvantage of birth, and also described as a common-place swindler, drunkard, and driveller, excelled in everything he attempted, and, from the obscure son of the Bath actor and schoolmaster, became minister of state and companion of princes? What dazzled fools does it make all his contemporaries, that *they* admitted him unquestioned to a superiority which is now denied to have existed! What an extraordinary anomaly does that famous funeral in Westminster Abbey present, amid a crowd of on-lookers so dense that they seemed "like a wall of human faces," if it was merely the carrying of a poor old tipsy gentleman to his grave by a group of foolish lords!

The God-given power is not so disposed of. Nor will even the dark thunder-clouds of faulty imprudence blot out the light which shines so clearly above and beyond. Unless Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been immeasurably superior to the majority of the men amongst whom he lived, he *could* not have so overleapt the barriers of poverty, want of connexion, and class jealousies, as to attain the celebrity and position he did attain. He *was* immeasurably superior. And, while nominally acquiescing in the sneers levelled at his origin, I beg to say that those sneers merely prove the ignorance of the writers who so assail him. If he was the son of an actor, he was the grandson of a bishop; and a bishop so conscientiously rigid in his religious opinions that all the worldly prospects of his family were blighted by the self-sacrificing fidelity with which those opinions were maintained. To the older biographic dictionaries of England I can refer these gossips

of light literature to learn that, with the exception of the Napiers, scarcely any family has produced so continuous a series of remarkable men as that to which Richard Brinsley Sheridan owed his descent. For five generations—each succeeding each in the inalienable heritage of intelligence—the Sheridans are noted in the biography of their country; Richard Brinsley only becoming more known than others because his career was more in the eye of the world. Did these five generations of men—poor, uninfluential, and, till lately, only remotely connected with titled races—owe to their own natural superiority, or not, the public mention thus accorded them?

It will, perhaps, seem trivial to mix with remarks on these greater lives any deprecation of attacks on myself; but, in one of the three abusive works which called forth this letter, the author has not even had patience to wait for the death of those she would assail, but presents us with scenes and interviews with the living; which, if all resemble the one she professes to have shared with *me*, might take their place among the "imaginary conversations of Walter Savage Landor." I have no recollection whatever of the author, or of hearing the stories she professes to have told me.

I could of my own knowledge contradict and disprove many of the assertions she makes respecting other persons, and many of the cruel anecdotes told of them. And I know not whether to smile or sigh when, after mentioning sundry reports to my prejudice, and then describing how she found me different from those reports, and how I received her "with frank and simple courtesy" (a painful lesson not to receive such persons at all), she nevertheless persists in believing the account she had heard to be correct, and my dissimilarity from that account to be a mere temporary suspension of evil!

This is the secret of all such biographies. "I MISJUDGED" is not the language possible to these greedy censors of their fellow-creatures. Rather, their language would be,—"*Give us back our 'gross-painted wooden images; this*

'marble sculpture is too pale for us; we know not what it means; it does not embody life to our eyes. Give us back our gilt, grinning, waggle-headed Joss, with flags and beating of drums; we know not him you would present to us,—the ideal god of the hushed and shadowy temple of genius. Give us back (among the rest) our drunken, swindling, drivelling SHERIDAN; we will not consent to be contradicted, rebuked, and informed that the man we have libelled as mean and monstrous in all his actions, had common faults, like common men,—but, shooting beyond them in many great and noble qualities, and in a surpassing ability of brain, left a name to be remembered, and a history which, if fairly written, would, in spite of his misfortunes, be as just a source of pride to his descendants, as the memory was to him of the usefully-occupied, intelligent, active-minded generations of men whom he happily claimed as forefathers. We will not be told this, even by those who belong to him, and to whom both his faults and his merits must be better known than to strangers.'"

Such a history, nevertheless, I—Sheridan's grand-daughter—hope to supply. Not taken, like these poorly-connected sketches, from sources whose "veracity" the authors have "never examined," but from sifted evidence and real matter. Not from repeated extracts copied out of one bookseller's preface into another; nor including such foolish forgeries as the "epistle from Miss Linley to a female friend," which is quoted by "Grace and Philip Wharton;" but from family papers and royal and other letters in the actual possession of the living representative of the Sheridans,—the present member for Dorchester,—a portion of which papers were in the hands of Tom Moore, for extract and guidance, while working (so unwillingly as it now appears) at the *Life* he undertook to execute.

I will conclude this protest in better words than my own; in words quoted from the remarks of that very old-fashioned biographer, Sir Robert Naunton, at the

close of his "Fragmenta Regalia," or "Notices of the Lives and Characters of Queen Elizabeth's Courtiers." And I quote him for the benefit of those authors who impudently affirm of a dead servant of the State, that he merited a felon's destiny, and of the Publisher who has thought fit to give so discreditable a memoir to the world.

Sir Robert Naunton speaks thus: "I have delivered up my poor essay. I cannot say I have finished it, for I know how defective and imperfect it is. I took it in consideration how easily I might have dashed into it much of the staine of pollution, and thereby have defaced that little which is done; I professe I have taken care to master my pen, that I might not erre *animo*; or of set purpose discolour each or any of the parts thereof . . . that modesty in me forbids the defacements in men departed; their posterity yet remaining; . . . and I had rather incur the censure of abruption, than to be conscious and taken in the manner, sinning by eruption, or *trampling on the graves of persons at rest, which, living, we durst*

not looke in their face, nor make our addresses unto them, otherwise than with due regard to their honour, and with reverence to their virtues."

So spake Sir Robert Naunton; writing of the reign of Queen Elizabeth: and I copy his true sentences as a rebuking lesson in this reign of Queen Victoria. The good old man has found his place among "the graves of persons at rest;" but his noble rules survive: warning those who attempt the biographies of their superiors in intellect and fame, not to dash into such histories the easy "stain of pollution;" to master their pen, "so as not to err *animo*, or of set purpose,"—to avoid the "defacement of men departed, their posterity yet remaining,"—and to beware how they trample on the graves of those whom living they never would have dared to address, save with courtesy and due obeisance. Wishing his words what weight they may obtain among minds so inferior to his own,—

I am, dear Sir,

Yours obliged,

CAROLINE NORTON.

DIAMONDS.

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.G.S.

Who does not love diamonds? Where is there a mind in which the bare mention of them does not excite a pleasant emotion? Is there any one of rank too exalted to care for such baubles? The highest potentates of the earth esteem them as their choicest treasures, and kingdoms have been at war for their possession; while there is none so low or so poor as to be unable to find pleasure in the admiration of their splendour. Shall we turn to the domain of intellect, where surely the gewgaws of ornament should be lightly esteemed? The diamond offers to the philosopher one of the most recondite and subtle problems that have ever engaged the human

mind; while the merest tyro in science may find in it the most instructive topics of study. Shall we look at it in an artistic point of view? The diamond is one of the most beautiful things in nature. No painter, were he ten times a Turner, could do justice to its effulgence; no poet, were he ten times a Shakspeare, could put its lustre into words. *Light* was the first and fairest gift of heaven to man; the diamond is fairer than light itself; it is light, only seven times beautified and refined. For one half the human race diamonds are delirium—the true eyes of the basilisk: their power over the sex we dare not do more than hint at, and the

woman who would profess herself indifferent to their fascination simply belies her feminine nature. One of the most extraordinary romances in the history of the world was all about a diamond necklace; and who would venture to number the true romances occurring every year of our lives in which diamonds take part? As regards the less decorative sex, the diamond forms altogether an exception to the usual idea of the propriety of ornament. A man who bedizens himself with gold or jewels in general is rightly pronounced an empty fop; but the wearing of a fine diamond will only mark its possessor as having a superior taste for what is most admirable and beautiful among the productions of nature. The minerals we call gems, jewels, "precious" stones, *par excellence*, are the most noble objects of inorganic creation; and the diamond is the queen of them all.

Let us then have a chat about Diamonds, which will interest everybody.

The localities where diamonds have hitherto been found, are Central India, Sumatra, Borneo, the Ural mountains, Australia, some parts of North America, and the Brazils; but the first and last sources only have been of any great extent. Down to a comparatively late period the continent of India was the only district of any importance, whence diamonds were obtained. The principal regions producing them were the high valleys of the Pennar near Cuddapah, and of the Kistna near Ellora (and not far from the hill fort of Golconda, the name usually associated with these ancient and rich mines), as also a rude, little known, mountainous district, containing the sources of Nerbudda and Sone; and a range of hills in Bundelkond, between the latter river and the Sonar. The produce of these mines was enormous, both in regard to number and size. One of the Mohammedan Emperors, who died at the end of the twelfth century, after a long reign of plunder, is stated to have amassed in his treasury 400lbs. weight of diamonds alone. In later times, however, the pro-

duce from this part of the world has gradually fallen off, and is now entirely superseded by the more recently discovered mines of the Brazils.

The existence of these was revealed to the eastern world by an accident in the year 1727. A Portuguese of the name of Bernardino Fonseca Lobo, when at the gold mines of Minas Geraes, saw the miners using, as card counters, small stones which they said were found in the gold washings, and which he, having seen similar ones in the East Indies, conjectured to be rough diamonds. He brought a quantity to Lisbon, where his suspicion was confirmed, and public attention was at once drawn to the rich discovery. The European dealers, who had hitherto obtained their stones from India, fearing that they would be depreciated in value, spread the report that the pretended Brazilian diamonds had been surreptitiously sent from Goa to South America; but the Portuguese soon demonstrated their authenticity, and turned the tables upon the merchants, by actually sending them to Goa, and selling them in India as native produce. The discovery once made, the sources of supply were soon found, and worked extensively, and proved very productive. The stones abound more or less on the great north and south ranges of the country between 13 and 21° south latitude; but the principal working, so long known as the diamond district, and in which the town of *Diamantina* lies, is a high, mountainous, and sterile tract of country, situated between the heads of the rivers Doce, Arassuahy, Jequetinhonha, and the great river of San Francisco. The ancient province of Bahia has also more lately become one of the principal sources. In 1843 a mulatto miner, who had gone alone into the interior to search for new washings, was working up to his ankles in water, in the bed of a stream at Sincora, in this province, when, dropping the end of his crowbar, to rest himself, on the ground below, he was somewhat surprised at hearing it sound hollow. He repeated the blow a second and a third time,

when the bar fell through. He put his hand into the hole, and pulled out a handful of diamonds. Elated with his discovery he returned home, and offered the stones for sale to some of the parties with whom he had been formerly engaged. As the diamonds were of a different quality and shape from any they had seen before, they taxed him with having discovered a new mine, which for some time he strongly denied; but, on being thrown into prison on the charge of stealing the diamonds, he confessed his discovery, and, on promise of making it known, was released. The hole he had broken into produced alone ten pounds of superior stones, worth probably more than 100,000*l.* in their rough state; and, on the neighbourhood being searched, the produce was so abundant, that six or eight months afterwards, from 10,000 to 15,000 people had collected on the spot, and in the first two years it is supposed nearly 600,000 carats were extracted, to the value of above half a million of money: an influx into the market, which for a time very seriously depreciated the value. This circumstance, however, combined with the increased difficulty of extraction, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the high prices of provisions, soon checked the production, and brought matters again to a more normal state. Since this time another new mine has been discovered, producing good stones, and the diamond-bearing district is so extensive as to remove any fear of speedy exhaustion.

The total production of diamonds from the Brazilian mines has been estimated up to the year 1850 at upwards of 10,000,000 carats, or above two tons; and valued at 16,000,000*l.* sterling. At some seasons the general richness of the ground has been marvellous; after a rain the children would seek gold in the gutters, and often find large quantities; diamonds have been found in the vegetable roots in the gardens, and in stones carelessly thrown about the road; even the fowls would pick up diamonds.

The prevailing rocks in the diamond districts are the same as the usual au-

riferous strata, *i.e.*, chiefly varieties of metamorphic mica schist, occasionally intersected with irregular quartz veins. The matrix in which the stones actually lie is a mineral called *Itacolumite*, from the mountain Itacolumi, in Brazil, where it was first discovered. It is a silicious conglomerate, cemented together with ferruginous matter, and appears to have undergone plutonic action. The diamonds lie often imbedded in flaky portions of this material, like the well-known specimens of garnets in mica schist. In some parts of the Brazils the stones have been sought to some small extent by working the original vein in the rocks; but this has been troublesome and expensive, and recourse is had in preference to the alluvial beds of streams and rivers, where the diamonds are brought down with the detritus from the hills above. These water-courses have been always considered the most productive in fine stones, as well as the most profitable in working. Gold dust, and some few other stones, are found along with the diamonds, but the latter always form the principal object. The colour, crystallization, and quality of the stones, are generally much alike in the same district, but the size varies considerably, large and small being found all together. The great majority of stones found are of small size; it is said that only about one in ten thousand will exceed, when cut, ten carats in weight, and hence the disproportionate increase in value of large sized stones.

The Brazilian mines were formerly worked by government; but bad management and the extensive system of robberies practised by all classes concerned, caused this plan to fail, and they are now farmed out to private individuals, who carry on the workings at their own risk and profit. Slave labour is still employed, but all possible precautions are taken to prevent dishonesty. Thefts are severely punished, and rewards are offered for integrity and success in working. The slave who finds a diamond of 17½ carats, is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and led in procession to the overseer, who gives him his freedom

accompanied with a new suit of clothes, and permission to work for his own profit; minor rewards are given for smaller stones.

The method of working for the stones is very simple. The streams are diverted, and the water exhausted as much as possible from the beds by pumping; the gravel and alluvial soil are then excavated and washed in troughs by means of currents of water; the earthy particles being first carried away, the remaining gravel is carefully searched for diamonds, which are easily recognised by those acquainted with them. The process of working is carried on as long as the dry weather lasts, namely, from April to the middle of October, all vestiges of the diggings being soon destroyed by the succeeding heavy rains. All the work is done by hand, no machinery having been hitherto found to answer.

Diamonds are usually found in crystalline forms—principally six, eight, and twelve sided, called by mineralogists the cube, the octohedron, and the rhombic dodecahedron; the two latter forms being the most common. In the rough state the stones are semi-transparent, but quite devoid of brilliancy; much resembling small pieces of gum-arabic. Experienced persons can, however, in this stage, easily judge of what their future quality and value will be.

The rough diamonds are transmitted by the owner to the coast, and shipped, generally, at Rio Janeiro, to merchants in Europe; by far the greater part coming to London. These merchants again sell them to other houses, whose business it is to get them cut, and so to give them the precious brilliancy which is their principal characteristic.

The art of cutting diamonds into a regular shape is of comparatively modern invention; they were long worn in their natural state, or only cleaned and polished. It appears, during the fourteenth century, some attempts were made to cut them into regular forms, but without any view to the improvement of their brilliancy; and it was only in the year 1456, that a certain Louis van Berquen, of Bruges, discovered the principle of

cutting *facets* upon them, on which their lustre, as now known, so much depends. Cardinal Mazarin, about 1650, invented the perfect form of the brilliant, and had twelve large diamonds of the French crown cut into this shape, which has ever since been acknowledged the best possible for exhibiting the beautiful optical properties of the stone.

Diamond cutting, in the present day, is almost exclusively done by Jews at Amsterdam, where large diamond mills have been established; and it is calculated that 10,000 out of the 28,000 persons of the Jewish persuasion living in that city are dependent directly or indirectly on this branch of industry.* One of the largest establishments is that of Messrs. Coster, in the Zwanenburg Straat, who use steam-power to drive their machines, and employ from 200 to 300 hands.

The process of cutting the diamonds is as follows:—The rough stone is first given into the hands of an experienced workman, who examines its natural form, and determines what general shape and size it can most advantageously be made to assume. Having settled this in regard to two diamonds, he beds each of them in a mass of cement placed at the end of a piece of wood of a convenient size for handling, and then proceeds to rub the two stones one against the other, on the principle of "diamond cut diamond," changing from time to time the parts acted on, and so bringing both stones gradually into the form he desires. The mutual abrasion of the two stones produces diamond powder, which is carefully preserved for the subsequent operations. When the diamond has received its general shape, it is sent into the mill to be finished, by cutting upon it the numerous small angular "facets," as they are termed, which make up the surface. This is done by exposing the stone to the action of diamond powder

* The writer had lately the advantage of visiting the Amsterdam diamond works, along with Professor Tennant, one of our best English connoisseurs in precious stones, and to whose kindness he is indebted for much of the information in the present paper. See also Kluge's "*Handbuch der Edelsteinkunde*."

on a steel plate revolving with great velocity—an operation perfectly analogous to that of glass cutting, or the ordinary well-known lapidary's wheel. The cutting plates are usually about ten or twelve inches in diameter; they are placed horizontally with their spindles vertical, and are made to revolve about thirty or forty times in a second; the part acting on the diamond travelling over the facet at the rate of about a mile in a minute. Diamond powder, of extreme fineness, mixed with the best olive oil, is placed with a feather upon the upper table of the wheel, and the apparatus is then ready for action on the diamond. The stone is embedded in a mass of soft metal, an amalgam of lead and tin, easily fusible, and yet hard enough to retain the stone firmly in its position; this is fixed in a moveable handle, which is again attached to a small frame. The workman, having first heated the metal to a soft state, beds the diamond in it in the required position, and fixes it there by plunging into water; the frame is then placed to project over the wheel, and the diamond, being downwards, comes in contact with its upper surface, on which the diamond powder is placed; weights are then applied, and the result of the friction, at the immense velocity, is to cut a facet upon the stone in a very short space of time. When one of these is finished, the workman softens the metal, extracts the stone, and replaces it in the proper position for making another facet; and here comes into play a very remarkable feature of the operation, namely, the accuracy of judgment which skill and experience give in arranging the faces of the stone. It is obvious that, in any many-sided solid body whose shape is to have any pretensions to regularity or symmetry, the different faces must not only all stand in certain definite angular positions in regard to each other, but must all bear a certain size in relation to the magnitude and form of the whole. Further, any one acquainted with geometry will know, that for a solid figure of fifty or sixty sides, the determination of these angles and surfaces, by any theoretical rule,

would be a matter of great difficulty; while the attempt to make such a figure practically, by any one unskilled in the operation, would only lead to continual trial—and error—attempts, which, even if the thing were ever properly done at all, would waste a large portion in the operation, and consequently much diminish the ultimate available size. Any one who will try, for example, to cut a turnip or a potato, by his eye and hand only, into a regular octohedron, or solid figure of eight equal and similar sides, will at once appreciate the difficulty. Yet the diamond-cutter has to do a much more difficult problem, namely, to give about sixty symmetrical and regular faces to stones sometimes only about an eighth of an inch diameter; without any mechanical aids whatever to his judgment; and yet producing, without a particle of unnecessary waste, the very largest stone geometrically possible out of the rough body. This of course can only be the result of great skill and long experience. Having made one facet, he judges by his eye the exact angle at which the stone must be placed to cut the new one, and the exact depth to which the grinding for the latter must be carried; and so accurately is this done, that it is very seldom a good workman ever has to revert to a facet for correction, after he has once passed it over. The stone is so fixed in the metal as to leave other facets visible for constant comparison with the one under progress; and the handle is capable, by a sort of universal joint, of adjustment to any nicety for the position of the stone in touching the wheel. There is no further division of labour than between the rough cutter and the finisher—the latter taking the stone from the former in its roughed-out state, and returning it to the proprietor in the shape of the perfect finished brilliant ready for sale. The last touches to the facets consist of polishing, or giving to them the peculiar diamond lustre; but this is in no wise different from the grinding, except in being done with more care. The man can at any time adjust the weight or force with which the stone is pressed upon the wheel, or

he can remove it entirely, and substitute the gentle pressure of his hand; and he can also modify the velocity of the grinding action; for, although the wheel itself is kept at a constant number of revolutions per minute, he can place the stone nearer to, or further from the axis, as he likes, which will of course give a less or greater effective velocity, according to the radius of the acting circle.

The diamond powder, of which a large quantity is used, is obtained partly from the first process, of rough-cutting the stones; partly from diamonds of a quality not good enough to cut for sale, which are broken up for the purpose; and partly from the newly discovered substance, "carbonado," which is hard enough for this use, although of a somewhat coarse quality. The powder is carefully sifted, cleaned from dirt and extraneous matters, and, when about to be used, is mixed with the finest vegetable oil.

The workmen are all Jews, and are regularly educated to the trade. They are paid by piece-work. Formerly, they did their work at their own houses, their wheels being turned by manual power; but it is now found more advantageous for the large proprietors to provide workshops of their own furnished with steam power, for the use of which the men pay out of their earnings. Some of the more skilful and industrious men realise considerable incomes. There is, of course, always temptation to dishonesty, from the great value which is compressed into so small a space; but all possible precautions are taken, and the character of the men is made of so high weight in all the transactions with them, that losses very seldom occur.

The form into which a diamond is cut has great influence on its beauty and fire. The two most common are what are called the "brilliant," and the "rose" or "rosette." The latter, so named from its similarity to an unopened rosebud, was one of the earliest forms in use, and is applied generally to the cheaper kinds of stones. It is a sort of pyramid, with a flat base, and inclined facets, terminating upwards in

a pointed apex. The flat base is imbedded in the setting; and, therefore, in the rose diamond, the whole of the stone appears projecting above.

The brilliant is the more valuable form; it may be considered as formed of two pyramids, connected together at their bases, with the apex of each truncated or cut off, and the sides worked into facets, as in the case of the rose. The stone is held in the setting at the broadest part, or junction of the pyramids; one pyramid projects upwards in sight, the other is hidden below, so that only half the stone, or somewhat less, appears; but the hidden part is most powerfully effective in adding to the brilliancy. The apex of the upper pyramid is cut off to a considerable extent, and the large facet thus formed is called the *table*: the corresponding facet below, formed by the truncation of the lower or hidden pyramid, is much smaller, and is called the *collet*. The rim where the setting takes hold, or, as we have described it, the junction of the bases of the pyramids, is called the *girdle*. There are thirty-two facets cut round the upper slanting surface of the stone, *i.e.*, between the girdle and the table, and twenty-four on the lower part, between the girdle and the collet. All these facets have names by which they are known to the cutters; and all the dimensions of the stone should, in order to produce the best effect, bear certain definite proportions to each other. The most favourable form of brilliant for exhibiting the lustre of the stone is considered to be a square, having the corners slightly rounded off; but, of course, many stones will not admit of being cut to this form without loss, and, therefore round, oval, pear shapes, &c., are perhaps more common. The stones lose about fifty per cent. in cutting, more or less, so that, to make a brilliant of one carat, a rough stone of two carats is required.

The *chemical nature* of the diamond is well known. It consists of pure carbon; identically the same thing as the soot from a kitchen chimney, but in different form. Sir Isaac Newton sus-

pected, by its optical properties, that it was a combustible body; and its character has been subsequently proved beyond a doubt. If sufficient heat be applied, diamonds will completely consume, combining with oxygen to form carbonic acid, precisely like charcoal or coke in an ordinary furnace.

There have been many speculations as to the mode by which nature has effected this wonderful metamorphosis, and many have been the attempts made to imitate her; but hitherto she has kept her secret well, and baffled all her admiring followers. Sir David Brewster has suspected, by optical peculiarities exhibited in some examples, that diamonds may not be of mineral origin, but may have resulted from the hardening of a kind of gum, something like amber.

A curious substance has lately been found in the Brazilian mines, called "Carbonado," or amorphous diamond—a kind of, intermediate grade between diamond and charcoal, combining the hardness of the former with the black unformed character of the latter. Close inspection shows curious traces of a passage between the two states; and it is thought further examination of this substance may lead to some better insight than we at present possess, as to the chemical nature of the change.

The diamond is totally insensible to the action of any chemical reagents. Its specific gravity is about 3.5.

The most characteristic quality of the diamond is its extreme hardness; it is the hardest substance known. This quality was the earliest that attracted attention, the name being derived from the Greek *Ἀδάμας*, i. e. incapable of being crushed or subdued. For the comparison of hardness in different degrees, mineralogists have adopted a scale represented by the following substances. 1, talc; 2, gypsum; 3, calcareous spar; 4, fluor spar; 5, phosphate of lime; 6, felspar; 7, quartz; 8, topaz; 9, sapphire and ruby; 10, diamond. Any one of these substances will scratch all below it in the scale, and may be scratched by all above it. The dia-

mond, therefore, as far as destructibility by abrasion is concerned, defies all nature. This quality renders it of considerable value for other purposes than ornament—as for cutting glass, and for working other stones, for the pivots of watch-work, &c.

But, although the diamond is so hard, it is very easily broken, and, indeed, by a particular knack, it may even be cut with a common pen-knife. This apparent anomaly is due to what is called its *cleavage*, a result of the crystalline structure. Many well-known substances, as slate for example, split or cleave with peculiar facility in certain definite directions, while they offer considerable resistance to fracture in all others. The diamond has this property, cleaving easily in no less than four directions, parallel to the surfaces of the original octohedric crystal; and, therefore, when moderate force is applied in either of these ways, the stone splits into pieces. Pliny, mentioning the great hardness of the diamond, states that if laid upon an anvil, and struck with a hammer, the steel would sooner give way than the stone. This assertion is a matter of popular belief in the present day, but we would not recommend any possessor of a good diamond to try the experiment. The chances of some of the forces acting in the cleavage directions are so great, that the stone would in all probability fly to pieces under the first blow. The truth is, that Pliny referred not to the diamond, but to the *sapphire*, which, though less hard than the diamond, cleaves only in *one* direction, and might, therefore, withstand the test named.

The cleaving property of the diamond is made useful in two ways in the manufacture: first, by splitting the stones when they contain flaws, and secondly, in the preparation of diamond powder. When a rough diamond is seen to contain a defect of sufficient extent to depreciate its value as a single gem, it is split in two, precisely at the flaw, so as to make two sound stones. This is a very simple operation in appearance, done in a few seconds; but it requires an amazing

amount of skill to do it properly. The workman, by a sort of intuitive knowledge, gained by long experience, knows, on a careful inspection of the stone, the exact direction which a cleavage plane passing through the flaw will take. Tracing this plane therefore to the exterior, he makes on the edge of the stone, precisely in that spot, a slight nick with another diamond. He then places a small knife in that nick, gives it a light tap with a hammer, and the stone at once cleaves in two, directly through the flaw. This operation, in daily practice in the Amsterdam works, is one of the most elegant and instructive processes in the whole range of mineralogy. It is reported that Dr. Wollaston, celebrated as almost the originator of the science of crystallography, once made a handsome sum by purchasing a large flawed diamond from Rundall and Bridge at a low price, and subsequently splitting it into smaller sound and valuable stones; the principle of the operation not being then generally known.

Another use of the cleavage principle is in the preparation of diamond powder. Small diamonds of inferior quality, are put into a steel mortar, and pounded and rubbed with a steel pestle, when they break up through their various cleavage planes into still smaller pieces, and at last rub themselves into the finest dust, fit for use on the wheel.

The cause of the wonderful *brilliance* of the diamond is not popularly known. It has no inherent luminous power; it is simply transparent, like common glass, and yet, if the latter were cut into the form of a brilliant, it could no more be mistaken for a real one than for a sapphire or an emerald. The secret, therefore, of the brilliance of the diamond must lie in something other than its clearness or its transparency. It is owing to its great *refractive* power. When rays of white light pass through transparent substances they are refracted, or bent out of their former course, and under certain circumstances are separated into their constituent elements, and dispersed in the form of the

well-known prismatic colours. The cut drops of glass chandeliers show a familiar example of these properties. Now, the degree in which this effect is produced by any substance depends on the refractive power it possesses, and it so happens that the diamond has this power in an extraordinarily high degree, its index of refraction being 2·47, while that of glass, or rock crystal, is only about 1·6, and of water 1·3. The effect of this great refractive capability, particularly when aided by judicious cutting, is, instead of allowing the light to pass *through*, to throw it about, backwards and forwards in the body of the stone, and ultimately to dart it out again in all sorts of directions, and in the most brilliant array of mingled colours; and this is this marvellous effect that meets the eye. Sir David Brewster has shown¹ that the play of colours is enhanced by the small *dispersive* power of the diamond, in comparison with its refractive properties.

It is often supposed that diamonds are essentially colourless, but this is a mistake; they exist of many colours, yellow, orange, pink, blue, green, brown, and black. Three-fourths of the stones found are tinged with some colour or other, mostly pale yellow, or yellow brown. The perfectly pure and colourless ones are selected as the most valuable for the general market; but it sometimes happens that fine stones of a decided colour are more prized than white, from their peculiar rarity and beauty.² A blue diamond of about fifty-six carats, belonging to Mr. Hope, is a celebrated stone, combining the beautiful colour of the sapphire with the fire and brilliance of the diamond.

The quality of diamonds depends upon their colour, purity, transparency, and freedom from flaws. Stones perfectly colourless, pure, clear, and free from all defects, are said to be of "the first water;" if they have slight imperfections, they are "of the second water;"

¹ *North British Review*, Nov. 1852.

² A fine collection of coloured diamonds, belonging to Mr. Tennant, are now exhibiting at the Kensington Museum.

and, if tinged with colour, or otherwise very defective, of "the third water."

The value is estimated according to the weight, which is expressed in *carats*; one carat being about 205 French milligrammes, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains troy.

For small stones, not exceeding one carat in weight, the value may be assumed approximately to be *proportional* to the weight; but, as the stones increase in size, this rule does not apply—the larger ones being more rare, and therefore having a value greater than is due to their mere size. To provide for this, it is generally assumed that, above one carat, the value shall increase as the *square* of the weight—i.e., that a stone double the weight of another shall have *four* times the value; treble the weight, *nine* times the value; ten times the weight, one hundred times the value, and so on.

The money value of diamonds is a difficult subject to touch upon, as a distinction must always be drawn between the retail price asked by jewellers from the public, and the real market price of the diamonds as sold by the dealers. Moreover, the value will always vary according to the state of the market, as well as according to the quality and cut of the stones. As a rough approximation, brilliants of first-rate quality, and perfect in every respect, may be estimated at about 12*l.* per carat; reducible to half this, or even less, for stones of inferior water. According, therefore, to the rule of the weight above laid down, a diamond of half a carat might be estimated as worth 6*l.*; but one of two carats would be worth $2 \times 2 \times 12 = 48$!; one of five carats $5 \times 5 \times 12 = 300$!; and so on.¹

¹ Referring to the square or best form of brilliants, the solid content of a cut stone, of proper proportions, is about $\frac{2}{3}$ of that of the circumscribing parallelepipedon; and, taking the Sp. gr. at 3.5, we shall obtain the following rule. Let d = side of the square, or breadth across the girdle, and t = the thickness of the stone, from table to collet; both in tenths of an inch;—then

$$\text{Weight in carats} = \frac{d^2 t}{83}$$

In a well proportioned stone t should be $\approx \frac{1}{3} d$, and the rule thus becomes—

This rule will, however, hold only up to the limit of stones in ordinary sale. Such as are very large and of exceptional production cannot be valued by any rule; they are worth just what the state of the demand among crowned heads and millionaires will enable their holders to get for them.

The general value of diamonds has been rising of late years; for, though the production is not scanty, the demand, owing to general prosperity, and the extension of ornament to wider classes in society, is largely on the increase.

Imitations of diamonds are generally of one of the following three kinds:

1. *White Topaz*.—This is nearly as hard as diamond, and about the same specific gravity, and may therefore be mistaken for it when tried by these tests. A London jeweller died lately in the belief that a fine stone he had come into the possession of was a valuable diamond, and left large legacies to be paid out of the proceeds of its sale; but it proved, on examination, to be only a white topaz, and of very little value. The difference may be recognised by the optical qualities, which differ much in the two stones.

2. *Rock Crystal* (Brighton diamonds, Irish diamonds, &c.).—This substance, though hard enough to scratch glass, is much softer than diamond, and is easily scratched by it. It is also much inferior in brilliancy and in specific gravity.

3. *Paste*.—This, which is a glass prepared with metallic oxides, can be made equal to diamond in refractive power, and therefore can be given a great brilliancy; but it is very soft, softer even than common glass, and it does not retain its lustre.

There is also a method of deception sometimes practised by what is called half-brilliant; i.e. stones in the form

$$\text{Weight} = \frac{d^3}{12.5}$$

or the value in $\mathcal{L} = \frac{d^3}{13 \text{ to } 30}$, so that the

worth of stones varies, *ceteris paribus*, as the *sixth power* of their lineal dimensions. The height of the table above the girdle should be $\approx \frac{1}{4} t$;—the depth of the collet below $\approx \frac{1}{3} t$. The breadth across the table should be $\approx \frac{1}{2} d$.

of brilliants, in which the upper pyramid is a real diamond, and the lower a piece of some inferior stone, cemented to it; the whole being set so as to hide the junction. When this deception is suspected, the stone should be taken out of its setting for examination.

A very remarkable discovery has lately been made, that the chemical element *boron*, the base of the common substance borax, may, by a peculiar process, be obtained in transparent crystals which possess the high refractive power of the diamond, and a hardness as great, if not greater. At present, the crystals produced have been too small to be of commercial value; but it is quite possible that, hereafter, the discovery may prove to be of great importance.

It only remains to mention a few particular stones celebrated for their size, and which have had, on account of their great value, a history of their own.

The largest stone professing to be a diamond is the "Braganza" found in Brazil in 1741, and preserved, in its rough state, in the Royal Treasury at Lisbon. It is as large as a hen's egg, and weighs 1680 carats; but doubts are entertained whether it may not be in reality only a white topaz and no diamond at all; a supposition which, as the Portuguese Government decline to allow it to be cut or sufficiently examined, would appear quite possible.

The largest authenticated diamond known is that of the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. It is of the purest water, of a pear shape, and weighs 367 carats. It was found a century ago at Landack, and has been the object of many wars for its possession.

The celebrated "Pitt" or "Regent" diamond was found in 1702, in the mines of Partaal, twenty miles from Masulipatam, by a slave, who having concealed its discovery from his employers, offered it to a sailor on condition that he would give him his freedom. The sailor lured him on board his ship, threw him overboard, and sold the stone to the then Governor of Fort St. George, whose name was Pitt, for 1000*l.*; he quickly ran through the money and

then hanged himself for remorse. The diamond was purchased from Pitt by the Regent of France, for 135,000*l.* It weighed 410 carats in its rough state, but was cut into a fine brilliant of 137 carats, thus losing two-thirds of its weight in the operation. It is said to be the finest diamond (though not the largest) in the world, in beauty of form, and purity of water. During the reign of terror, when the Tuileries were plundered, the diamond disappeared, along with all the other crown jewels; but it turned up again, and was pledged by the Republic to a merchant in Berlin. Redeemed at a later period, it embellished the sword of Napoleon I., and was taken by the Prussians after the battle of Waterloo. It is now in the French crown, and was exhibited in the French Exhibition of 1855.

The "Star of the South," another large brilliant, was also exhibited there: it was found lately in the Brazilian mines, and weighs 125 carats; it is of an oval shape; 35 millimetres long, 29 wide, and 19 thick. It is very pure, but its colour is slightly inclining to pink. It is in private hands, and for sale.

The "Sancy" diamond, of 53½ carats, has a singular history. It came originally from India, and, about the fifteenth century, was in the possession of the luxurious Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who wore it, probably as a talisman, in the unfortunate battle of Nancy, in Switzerland, where he was killed. A common Swiss soldier, who discovered the body in a ditch, found the jewel in the clothes, and, not knowing its value, sold it for a florin to a Swiss priest, who transferred it to the hands of the Confederacy. It subsequently came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who, in 1489, being in want of money, parted with it to a French trader. In the sixteenth century it found its way into the hands of a Huguenot nobleman, the Baron of Sancy, who happened to be in Soleure when King Henry III. was trying to negotiate a loan. Sancy offered him, as a true subject, the diamond, and his offer was

accepted; but the messenger who was entrusted to convey it to the king (some accounts say Sancy himself) was waylaid and murdered, but had time before his death to swallow the stone, which subsequently was found in the stomach of the corpse. The stone was next traced into the possession of James II. of England, who took it with him when he fled to France in 1688, and afterwards, when he was in distress for money, parted with it to Louis XIV. for 25,000*l.*—and Louis XV. is said to have worn it in the clasp of his hat at his coronation. It vanished in 1792, but reappeared in the Napoleon era, and was sold for 500,000 silver rubles to the Emperor of Russia, in whose possession it still remains.

The "Nassack" diamond was captured during the Mahratta war in India, in the Peishwa's baggage, by the combined armies under the Marquis of Hastings; and, after changing hands several times, was purchased, about twenty years ago, by the Marquis of Westminster. It was afterwards partly re-cut by Hunt and Roskell, and is now a beautiful colourless stone, weighing $78\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It is of a triangular or pear shape.

Many other large diamonds might be mentioned, each of which has a history, but perhaps the most interesting

of all, is our own great diamond, the celebrated Koh-i-noor; the story of which would make a very fair true romance of three goodly volumes.

Its origin is older than any historical records reveal, but it can be traced as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it came into the treasury of Delhi; and from this time it became intimately associated with the entire history of the Indian wars and dynasties, until, on the late annexation of the Punjab, it was taken possession of by our government, brought to England in 1850, and presented to the Queen. It was shown at the international exhibition of 1851, in the state it was received, weighing 186 carats; but it was so badly cut that its brilliancy scarcely exceeded that of a piece of crystal, and it had several flaws and defects in its structure. The Queen, after taking advice from competent judges, decided to have it recut; which was done in London (by workmen expressly brought over from Amsterdam for the purpose) in 1852. It has now the form of a regular brilliant; and, though its weight has been reduced to $10\frac{1}{4}$ carats, it has become, what it never was before, a most splendid jewel, worthy of its royal mistress, whose unsullied diadem may it long adorn!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

OF which it is rather venturesome to say anything in this Democritan age, that boasts such a surplus of laughing philosophers. Our forefathers sentimentalised over their feelings—we are somewhat ashamed of having any; they made the most of afflictions, real and imaginary—we are often disposed to turn grief itself into an excellent joke. A "broken heart" is a stock subject for humour; yet some have known it; and few even of the worthiest of us have not at one time or other caught ourselves

making a jest about funerals, just as if there were no such thing as dying. It is good to laugh, it is good to be merry; no human being is the better for always contemplating "the miseries of human life," and talking of "graves and worms and epitaphs." Yet since sorrow, in its infinitely varied forms and solemn inward unity, is common to all, should we not sometimes pause to look at it, seriously, calmly, nor be afraid to speak of it, as a great fact—the only fact of life, except death, that we are quite sure

of? And since we are so sure of it, will a few words more or less, suggesting how to deal with it in others, and how to bear it for ourselves, do us any harm? I trow not.

For, laugh as we may, there is such a thing as sorrow; most people at some portion of their lives have experienced it—no imaginary misery—no carefully petted-up wrong; no accidental anxiety, or state of nervous irritable discontent, but a deep, abiding, inevitable *sorrow*. It may have come slowly or suddenly; may weigh heavier or lighter at different times, or according to our differing moods and temperaments; but it is there—a settled reality not to be escaped from. At bed and board, in work or play, alone and in company, it keeps to us, as close as our shadow, and as certainly following. And so we know it will remain with us; for months, for years—perhaps even to the other world.

Therefore what can we preach to ourselves, or to our fellows, concerning it? Perhaps the wisest lesson of all is that of the ancient Hebrew, who laid his hand upon his mouth, "because THOU didst it." For sorrow is a holy thing. The meanest mortal who can say truly,

"Here I and sorrow sit,"

feels also somewhat of the silent consecration of that awful companionship, which may well—

"Bid kings come bow to it,"

yet elevates the sufferer himself to a higher condition of humanity, and brings him nearer to the presence of the King of kings.

Grief is a softening thing, from its very universality. *Ex uno disce omnes*. Your child, my neighbour, may be dying, or giving you anguish sharp as death; my own familiar friend may have lifted up his heel against me, causing me now, and perhaps for ever, to doubt if there be such a thing as fidelity, or honour, or honesty in the world; a third, whom we all know and meet daily, may have received yesterday, or last week, or last month, some small accidental stab, altogether inward,

and bleeding inwardly, yet which may prove a death wound; a fourth has sustained some heavy visible blow or loss, which we all talk of, compassionate, would fain comfort if we could, but we cannot. These various shapes which sorrow takes compose a common unity; and every heart which has once known its own bitterness, learns from thence to understand, in a measure, the bitterness of every other human heart. The words, "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows,"—"in all our afflictions he was afflicted," have a secondary and earthly as well as a Divine significance; and to be "acquainted with grief," gives to any man a power of consolation, which seems to come direct through him from the great Comforter of all. The "Christus Consolator" which Scheffer painted,—the Man Divine, surrounded by, and relieving every form of human anguish, is a noble type of this power, to attain which all must feel that their own anguish has been cheaply purchased, if by means of it they may have learned to minister unto all these.

This ministry of consolation is not necessarily external, or intentional. We must all have sometimes felt, that the people who do us most good are those who are absolutely unaware of doing it. Even as "baby-fingers, waxen touches," will melt into flesh and blood again a heart that has seemed slowly turning into stone, so the chance influence of something or somebody, intrinsically and unconsciously good, will often soothe us like a waft of sweet scent borne across a dull high-road from over a garden wall. It may be the sight of peaceful, lovely, beloved old age, which says silently and smilingly, "And yet I have suffered too;" or the brightness in some young face, honest and brave, which reminds a man of the days of his own youth, and shames him out of irresolution or cynical unbelief, daring him, as it were, to be such a coward as to let his after life give the lie to the aspirations of his prime. Or the influence, more fugitive still, comes from a word or two in a book, or a look in a stranger's face,

which, however inexplicably, makes us feel at once that this book or this stranger understands us, refreshes and helps us—is to us like a flower in a sick room, or a cup of water in a riverless land.

It would be curious to trace, if any but immortal eyes ever could trace, how strongly many lives have been influenced by these instinctive sympathies; and what a heap of unknown love and benediction may follow until death many a man—or woman—who walks humbly and unconsciously, on, perhaps, a very obscure and difficult way, fulfilling this silent ministry of consolation.

We are speaking of consolation first, and not without purpose; let us now say a little word about sorrow.

It may seem an anomaly, and yet is most true, that the grief which is at once the heaviest and the easiest to bear is a grief of which nobody knows; something, no matter what, which, for whatever reason, must be kept for the depth of the heart, neither asking nor desiring sympathy, counsel, or alleviation. Such things are—oftener perhaps than we know of; and, if the sufferer can bear it at all, it is the best and easiest way of bearing grief, even as the grief itself becomes the highest, we had almost said the divinest form of sorrow upon earth. For it harms no one, it wounds and wrongs no one; it is that solitary agony unto which the angels come and minister—making the night glorious with the shining of their wings.

Likewise, in any blow utterly irremediable, which strikes at the very core of life, we little heed what irks and irritates us much in lesser pain—namely, to see the round of daily existence moving on untroubled. We feel it not; we are rather glad of its monotonous motion. And to be saved from all external demonstrations is a priceless relief; neither to be watched, nor soothed, nor reasoned with, nor pitied: to wrap safely round us the *convenances* of society, or of mechanical household association; and only at times to drop them off and stand, naked and helpless as a

new-born child, crying aloud unto Him who alone can understand our total agony of desolation. But this great solitude of suffering is impossible to many; and indeed can only be sustained without injury by those strongly religious natures unto whom the sense of the Divine presence is not merely a tacit belief, or a poetical imagination, but a proved fact—as real as any of the facts of daily life are to other people. With whom it is impossible to argue. Let him that readeth understand, if he can; or if it be given him to understand, these great mysteries.

But one truth concerning sorrow is simple and clear enough for a child's comprehension; and it were well if from childhood we were all taught it; namely, that that grief is the most nobly borne which is allowed to weigh the least heavily on any one else. Not all people, however, are unselfish enough to perceive this. Many feel a certain pride in putting on and long retaining their "sackcloth and ashes," nay, they conceive that when they have sustained a heavy affliction, there is a sort of disgrace in appearing too easily to "get over it." But here they make the frequent error of shallow surface-judging minds. They cannot see that any real wound in a deep, true, and loving heart is *never* "got over." We may bury our dead out of our sight, or out of our neighbour's sight, which is of more importance; we may cease to miss them from the routine of our daily existence, and learn to name people, things, places and times, as calmly as if no pulse had ever throbbed horribly at the merest allusion to them—but they are not forgotten. They have merely passed from the outer to the inner fold of our double life. Which fold lies nearest to us, we know; and which are usually the most precious, the things we have and hold, or the things we have lost—we also know.

It may seem a cruel word to say—but a long-indulged and openly displayed sorrow, of any sort, is often an ignoble, and invariably a selfish feeling; being a sacrifice of the many to the few. If we look round on the circle of our ac-

quaintance, with its percentage, large or small, of those whom we heartily respect, we shall always find that it is the highest and most affectionate natures which conquer sorrow soonest and best; those unselfish ones who can view a misfortune in its result on others as well as on their own precious individuality; and those in which great capacity of loving acts at once as bane and antidote, giving them, with a keen susceptibility to pain, a power of enduring it which to the unloving is not only impossible but incredible. It is the weak, the self-engrossed, and self-important, who chiefly make to themselves public altars of perpetual woe, at which they worship, not the *Dii manes* of departed joys, but the apotheoses of living ill-humours.

An incurable regret is an unwholesome, unnatural thing to the indulger of it; an injury to others, an accusation against Divinity itself. The pastor's reproof to the weeping mother—"What, have you not yet forgiven God Almighty?" contains a truth which it were good all mourners laid to heart. How hard it is to any of us to "forgive God Almighty;" not only for the heavy afflictions which he has sent to us, but for the infinitude of small annoyances, which (common sense would tell us, if we used it) we mostly bring upon ourselves! Yet even when calamity comes—undoubted, inevitable calamity—surely, putting religion altogether aside, the wisest thing you can do with a wound is to heal it, or rather to let it heal; which it will do slowly and naturally, if you do not voluntarily keep it open into a running sore. Some people, with the very best intentions, seem to act upon us like a poultice over gaping flesh; and others again officiate as surgical instruments, laying bare every quivering nerve, and pressing upon every festering spot till we cry out in our agony that we had rather be left to die in peace, unhealed. Very few have the blessed art of letting nature alone to do her benign work, and only aiding her by those simple means which suggest themselves to the instinct of affection,—that is, of affec-

tion and wisdom combined; which nothing, but tender instinct united to a certain degree of personal suitability, will ever supply. For, like a poet, a nurse, either of body or mind, *nascitur non fit*. We all must know many excellent and well-meaning people, whom in sickness or misfortune we would as soon admit into our chamber of sorrow as we would a live hippopotamus or a herd of wild buffaloes.

Perhaps (another anomaly) the sharpest affliction that any human being can endure is one which is not a personal grief at all, but the sorrow of somebody else. To see any one dearly beloved writhing under a heavy stroke, or consumed by a daily misery which we are powerless to remove or even to soften, is a trial heavy indeed—heavier in one sense than any affliction of one's own, because of that we know the height and depth, the aggravations and alleviations. But we can never fathom another's sorrow,—not one, even the keenest-eyed and tenderest-hearted among us, can ever be so familiar with the ins and outs of it as to be sure always to minister to its piteous needs at the right time and in the right way. Watch as we may, we are continually more or less in the dark, often irritating where we would soothe, and wounding where we would give our lives to heal.

Also, resignation to what may be termed a vicarious sorrow is cruelly hard to learn. We sometimes are goaded into a state of half-maddened protestation against Providence, feeling as if we—kept bound hand and foot on the shore—were set to watch a fellow-creature drowning. To be able to believe that Infinite Wisdom really knows what is best for that beloved fellow-creature far more than we do, is the highest state to which faith can attain; and the most religious can only catch it in brief glimpses through a darkness of angry doubt that almost rises at times into blasphemous despair. From such agonies no human strength can save; and while they last every human consolation fails. We can only lie humble at the feet of Eternal Wisdom, yielding

into His hands not only ourselves but our all. And surely if there be such a thing as angelic ministry, much of it must needs be spent not only on sufferers, but on those whose lot it is to stand by and see others suffer, generally having all the time to wear a countenance cheerful, hopeful, or calmly indifferent, which in its piteous hypocrisy dare give no sign of the devouring anxiety that preys on the loving heart below.

Mention has been made of those griefs, wholly secret and silent, which are never guessed by even closest friends; the sacred self-control of which makes them easier to bear than many a lesser anguish. In contrast to these may be placed the griefs that everybody knows and nobody speaks of,—such as domestic unhappiness, disappointed love, carking worldly cares, half-guessed unkindnesses, dimly suspected wrongs; miseries which the sufferer refuses to acknowledge, but suffers on in a proud or heroic silence that precludes all others from offering either aid or sympathy, even if either were possible, which frequently it is not. In many of the conjunctures, crises, and involvements of human life, the only safe, or kind, or wise course is this solemn though heart-broken silence, under the shadow of which it nevertheless often happens that wrongs slowly work themselves right; pains lessen, at all events, to the level of

quiet endurance; or an unseen hand, by some strange and sudden sweep of destiny, clears the dark and thorny pathway, and makes everything easy and peaceful and plain.

But this does not always happen. There are hundreds of silent martyrs in whom a keen observer can see the shirt of horse-hair or the belt of steel points under the finest and most elegantly-worn clothes; and for whom, to the short-seeing human eye, there appears no possible release but death. The only consolation for such is the lesson,—sublime enough to lighten a little even the worst torment,—taught and learnt by that majestic life-long endurance which has for its sustenance strength celestial that we know not of, and for which in the end await the martyr's bliss and the martyr's crown.

These "few words" are said. They may have been said, and better said, a hundred times before. There is hardly any deep-thinking or deep-feeling human being who has not said them to himself over and over again; yet sometimes a truth strikes truer and clearer when we hear it repeated by another, instead of only listening to its dim echoes in our own often bewildered mind. To all who understand the meaning of the word sorrow, we commend these disjointed thoughts to be thought out by themselves at leisure. And so farewell.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SECOND YEAR.

FOR some days after his return home—in fact, until his friend's arrival, Tom was thoroughly beaten down and wretched, notwithstanding his efforts to look hopefully forward, and keep up his spirits. His usual occupations were utterly distasteful to him; and, instead of occupying himself, he sat brooding over his late misfortune, and hopelessly puzzling his

head as to what he could do to set matters right. The conviction in which he always landed was that there was nothing to be done, and that he was a desolate and blighted being, deserted of gods and men. Hardy's presence and company soon shook him out of this maudlin nightmare state, and he began to recover as soon as he had his old sheet-anchor friend to hold on to and consult with. Their consultations were held chiefly in the intervals of wood-

craft, in which they spent most of the hours between breakfast and dinner. Hardy did not take out a certificate, and wouldn't shoot without one; so, as the best autumn exercise, they selected a tough old pollard elm, infinitely ugly, with knotted and twisted roots, curiously difficult to get at and cut through, which had been long marked as a blot by Mr. Brown, and condemned to be felled as soon as there was nothing more pressing for his men to do. But there was always something of more importance; so that the cross-grained old tree might have remained until this day, had not Hardy and Tom pitched on him as a foeman worthy of their axes. They shovelled, and picked, and hewed away with great energy. The woodman who visited them occasionally, and who, on examining their first efforts, had remarked that the severed roots looked a little "as tho' the dogs had been a gnawin' at 'em," began to hold them in respect, and to tender his advice with some deference. By the time the tree was felled and shrouded, Tom was in a convalescent state.

Their occupation had naturally led to discussions on the advantages of emigration, the delights of clearing one's own estate, building one's own house, and getting away from conventional life with a few tried friends. Of course the pictures which were painted included foregrounds with beautiful children playing about the clearing, and graceful women, wives of the happy squatters, flitting in and out of the log-houses and sheds, clothed and occupied after the manner of our ideal grandmothers; with the health and strength of Amazons, the refinement of high-bred ladies, and wondrous skill in all domestic works, confections, and contrivances. The log-houses would also contain fascinating select libraries, continually reinforced from home, sufficient to keep all dwellers in the happy clearing in communion with all the highest minds of their own and former generations. Wondrous games in the neighbouring forest, dear old home customs established and taking root in the wilderness, with ultimate dainty flower gardens,

conservatories, and pianofortes—a millennium on a small scale, with universal education, competence, prosperity, and equal rights! Such castle-building, as an accompaniment to the hard exercise of woodcraft, worked wonders for Tom in the next week, and may be safely recommended to parties in like evil case with him.

But more practical discussions were not neglected, and it was agreed that they should make a day at Englebourne together before their return to Oxford, Hardy undertaking to invade the rectory with the view of re-establishing his friend's character there.

Tom wrote a letter to Katie to prepare her for a visit. The day after the ancient elm was fairly disposed of they started early for Englebourne, and separated at the entrance to the village—Hardy proceeding to the rectory to fulfil his mission, which he felt to be rather an embarrassing one, and Tom to look after the constable, or whoever else could give him information about Harry.

He arrived at the Red Lion, their appointed trysting place, before Hardy, and spent a restless half-hour in the porch and bar waiting for his return. At last Hardy came, and Tom hurried him into the inn's best room, where bread and cheese and ale awaited them, and, as soon as the hostess could be got out of the room, began impatiently—

"Well; you have seen her?"

"Yes, I have come straight here from the rectory."

"And is it all right, eh? Had she got my letter?"

"Yes, she had had your letter."

"And you think she is satisfied?"

"Satisfied? No, you can't expect her to be satisfied."

"I mean, is she satisfied that it isn't so bad after all as it looked the other day? What does Katie think of me?"

"I think she is still very fond of you, but that she has been puzzled and outraged by this discovery, and cannot get over it all at once."

"Why didn't you tell her the whole story from beginning to end?"

"I tried to do so as well as I could."
"Oh, but I can see you haven't done it. She doesn't really understand how it is."

"Perhaps not; but you must remember it is an awkward subject to be talking about to a young woman. I would sooner stand another fellowship examination than go through it again."

"Thank you, old fellow," said Tom, laying his hand on Hardy's shoulder; "I feel that I'm unreasonable and impatient; but you can excuse it; you know that I don't mean it."

"Don't say another word; I only wish I could have done more for you."

"But what do you suppose Katie thinks of me?"

"Why, you see, it sums itself up in this: she sees that you have been making serious love to Patty, and have turned the poor girl's head, more or less, and that now you are in love with somebody else. Why, put it how we will, we can't get out of that. There are the facts, pure and simple, and she wouldn't be half a woman if she didn't resent it."

"But it's hard lines, too, isn't it, old fellow? No, I won't say that; I deserve it all, and much worse. But you think I may come round all right?"

"Yes, all in good time. I hope there's no danger in any other quarter!"

"Goodness knows! There's the rub, you see. She will go back to town disgusted with me; I shan't see her again, and she won't hear of me for I don't know how long; and she will be meeting heaps of men. Has Katie been over to Barton?"

"Yes; she was there last week, just before they left."

"Well, what happened?"

"She wouldn't say much; but I gathered that they are very well."

"Oh, yes, bother it, of course, they are very well. But didn't she talk to Katie about what happened last week?"

"Of course she did. What else should they talk about?"

"But you don't know what they said?"

"No; but you may depend on it that Miss Winter will be your friend. My

dear fellow, there is nothing for it but time."

"Well, I suppose not," said Tom, with a groan: "Do you think I should call and see Katie?"

"No; I think better not."

"Well, then, we may as well get back," said Tom, who was not sorry for his friend's decision. So they paid their bill and started for home, taking Hawk's Lynch on the way, that Hardy might see the view.

"And what did you find out about young Winburn?" he said, as they passed down the street.

"Oh, no good," said Tom; "he was turned out, as I thought, and has gone to live with an old woman up on the heath here, who is no better than she should be; and none of the farmers will employ him."

"You didn't see him, I suppose?"

"No; he is away with some of the heath people, hawking besoms and chairs about the country. They make them when there is no harvest work, and loaf about into Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and other counties, selling them."

"No good will come of that sort of life, I'm afraid."

"No; but what is he to do?"

"I called at the lodge as I came away, and saw Patty and her mother. It's all right in that quarter. The old woman doesn't seem to think anything of it; and Patty is a good girl, and will make Harry Winburn, or anybody else, a capital wife. Here's your locket and the letters; so now that's all over."

"Did she seem to mind giving them up?"

"Not very much. No, you are lucky there. She will get over it."

"But you told her that I am her friend for life, and that she is to let me know if I can ever do anything for her?"

"Yes; and now I hope this is the last job of the kind I shall ever have to do for you."

"But what bad luck it has been! If I had only seen her before, or known who she was, nothing of all this would have happened."

To which Hardy made no reply; and

the subject was not alluded to again in their walk home.

A day or two afterwards they returned to Oxford—Hardy to begin his work as fellow and assistant-tutor of the College, and Tom to see whether he could not make a better hand of his second year than he had of his first. He began with a much better chance of doing so, for he was thoroughly humbled. The discovery that he was not altogether such a hero as he had fancied himself, had dawned upon him very distinctly by the end of his first year, and the events of the long vacation had confirmed the impression, and pretty well taken all the conceit out of him for the time. The impotency of his own will, even when he was bent on doing the right thing, his want of insight and foresight in whatever matter he took in hand, the unruliness of his tempers and passions just at the moments when it behoved him to have them most thoroughly in hand and under control, were a set of disagreeable facts which had been driven well home to him. The results, being even such as we have seen, he did not much repine at, for he felt he had deserved them; and there was a sort of grim satisfaction, dreary as the prospect was, in facing them, and taking his punishment like a man. This was what he had felt at the first blush on the Hawk's Lynch; and, as he thought over matters again by his fire, with his oak sported, on the first evening of term, he was still in the same mind. This was clearly what he had to do now. How to do it was the only question.

At first he was inclined to try to set himself right with the Porters and the Englebourne circle, by writing further explanations and confessions to Katie. But, on trying his hand at a letter, he found that he could not trust himself. The temptation of putting everything in the best point of view for himself was too great; so he gave up the attempt, and merely wrote a few lines to David, to remind him that he was always ready and anxious to do all he could for his friend, Harry Winburn, and to beg that he might have news of anything which

happened to him, and how he was getting on. He did not allude to what had lately happened, for he did not know whether the facts had become known, and was in no hurry to open the subject himself.

Having finished his letter, he turned again to his meditations over the fire, and, considering that he had some little right to reward resolution, took off the safety valve, and allowed the thoughts to bubble up freely which were always underlying all others that passed through his brain, and making constant low, delicious, but just now somewhat melancholy, music in his head and heart. He gave himself up to thinking of Mary, and their walk in the wood, and the sprained ancle, and all the sayings and doings of that eventful autumn day. And then he opened his desk and examined certain treasures therein concealed, including a withered rosebud, a sprig of heather, a cut boot-lace, and a scrap or two of writing. Having gone through some extravagant forms of worship, not necessary to be specified, he put them away. Would it ever all come right?

He made his solitary tea, and sat down again to consider the point. But the point would not be considered alone. He began to feel more strongly what he had had several hints of already, that there was a curiously close connexion between his own love story and that of Harry Winburn and Patty—that he couldn't separate them, even in his thoughts. Old Simon's tumble, which had recalled his daughter from Oxford at so critical a moment for him; Mary's visit to Englebourne at this very time; the curious yet natural series of little accidents which had kept him in ignorance of Patty's identity until the final catastrophe—then again, the way in which Harry Winburn and his mother had come across him on the very day of his leaving Barton; the fellowship of a common mourning which had seemed to bind them together so closely, and this last discovery which he could not help fearing must turn Harry into a bitter enemy, when he heard the truth, as he must,

sooner or later,—as all these things passed before him, he gave in to a sort of superstitious feeling that his own fate hung in some way or another upon that of Harry Winburn. If he helped on his suit, he was helping on his own ; but whether he helped on his own or not, was, after all, not that which was uppermost in his thoughts. He was much changed in this respect since he last sat in those rooms, just after his first days with her. Since then an angel had met him, and had "touched the chord of self, which, trembling," was passing "in music out of sight."

The thought of Harry and his trials enabled him to indulge in some good honest indignation, for which there was no room in his own case. That the prospects in life of such a man should be in the power, to a great extent, of such people as Squire Wurley and farmer Tester ; that, because he happened to be poor, he should be turned out of the cottage where his family had lived for a hundred years, at a week's notice, through the caprice of a drunken gambler ; that, because he had stood up for his rights, and had thereby offended the worst farmer in the parish, he should be a marked man, and unable to get work—these things appeared so monstrous to him, and made him so angry, that he was obliged to get up and stamp about the room. And from the particular case he very soon got to generalizations.

Questions which had before now puzzled him gained a new significance every minute, and became real to him. Why a few men should be rich, and all the rest poor ; above all, why he should be one of the few ? Why the mere possession of property should give a man power over all his neighbours ? Why poor men who were ready and willing to work should only be allowed to work as a sort of favour, and should after all get the merest tithe of what their labour produced, and be tossed aside as soon as their work was done, or no longer required ? These, and other such problems, rose up before him, crude and sharp, asking to be solved. Feeling himself quite unable to give any but one answer

to them, that he was getting out of his depth, and that the whole business was in a muddle, he had recourse to his old method when in difficulties, and, putting on his cap, started off to Hardy's rooms to talk the matter over, and see whether he could not get some light on it from that quarter.

He returned in an hour or so, somewhat less troubled in his mind, inasmuch as he had found his friend in pretty much the same state as himself. But one step he had gained. Under his arm he carried certain books from Hardy's scanty library, the perusal of which he hoped, at least, might enable him sooner or later to feel that he had got on to some sort of firm ground. At any rate, Hardy had advised him to read them ; so, without more ado, he drew his chair to the table and began to look into them.

This glimpse of the manner in which Tom spent the first evening of his second year at Oxford, will enable intelligent readers to understand why, though he took to reading far more kindly and earnestly than he had ever done before, he made no great advance in the proper studies of the place. Not that he wholly neglected these, for Hardy kept him pretty well up to the collar, and he passed his little-go creditably, and was fairly placed at the college examinations. In some of the books which he had to get up for lectures he was really interested. The politics of Athens, the struggle between the Roman plebs and patricians, Mons Sacer and the Agrarian Laws—these began to have a new meaning to him, but chiefly because they bore more or less on the great Harry Winburn problem ; which problem, indeed, for him had now fairly swelled into the condition-of-England problem, and was becoming every day more and more urgent and importunate, shaking many old beliefs, and leading him whither he knew not.

This very matter of leading was a sore trial to him. The further he got on his new road the more he felt the want of guidance—the guidance of some man ; for that of books he soon found to be bewildering. His college tutor, whom he

consulted, only deprecated the waste of time; but, on finding it impossible to dissuade him, at last recommended the economic works of that day as the proper well-springs of truth on such matters. To them Tom accordingly went, and read with the docility and faith of youth, bent on learning, and feeling itself in the presence of men who had, or assumed, the right of speaking with authority.

And they spoke to him with authority, and he read on, believing much and hoping more; but somehow they did not really satisfy him, though they silenced him for the time. It was not the fault of the books, most of which laid down clearly enough that what they professed to teach was the science of man's material interests, and the laws of the making and employment of capital. But this escaped him in his eagerness, and he wandered up and down their pages in search of quite another science, and of laws with which they did not meddle. Nevertheless, here and there they seemed to touch upon what he was in search of. He was much fascinated, for instance, by the doctrine of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and for its sake swallowed for a time, though not without wry faces, the dogmas, that self-interest is the true pivot of all social action, that population has a perpetual tendency to outstrip the means of living, and that to establish a preventive check on population is the duty of all good citizens. And so he lived on for some time in a dreary uncomfortable state, fearing for the future of his country, and with little hope about his own. But, when he came to take stock of his newly-acquired knowledge, to weigh it and measure it, and found it to consist of a sort of hazy conviction that society would be all right and ready for the millennium, when every man could do what he liked, and nobody could interfere with him, and there should be a law against marriage, the result was more than he could stand. He roused himself, and shook himself, and began to think, "Well, these my present teachers are very clever men,

and well-meaning men, too. I see all that; but, if their teaching is only to land me here, why it was scarcely worth while going through so much to get so little."

Casting about still for guidance, Grey occurred to him. Grey was in residence as a bachelor, attending divinity lectures, and preparing for ordination. He was still working hard at the night-school, and Tom had been there once or twice to help him when the curate was away. In short, he was in very good books with Grey, who had got the better of his shyness with him. He saw that Tom was changed and sobered, and in his heart hoped some day to wean him from the pursuits of the body, to which he was still fearfully addicted, and to bring him into the fold. This hope was not altogether unfounded; for, notwithstanding the strong bias against them which Tom had brought with him from school, he was now at times much attracted by many of the high church doctrines, and the men who professed them. Such men as Grey he saw did really believe something, and were in earnest about carrying their beliefs into action. The party might and did comprise many others of the weakest sort, who believed and were in earnest about nothing, but who liked to be peculiar. Nevertheless, while he saw it laying hold of many of the best men of his time, it is not to be wondered at that he was drawn towards it. Some help might lie in these men if he could only get at it!

So he propounded his doubts and studies, and their results, to Grey. But it was a failure. Grey felt no difficulty, or very little, in the whole matter; but Tom found that it was because he believed the world to belong to the devil. "*Laissez faire*," "buying cheap and selling dear," Grey held might be good enough laws for the world—very probably were. The laws of the Church were "self-sacrifice," and "bearing one another's burthens;" her children should come out from the regions where the other's laws were acknowledged.

Tom listened, was dazzled at first,

and thought he was getting on the right track; but very soon he found that Grey's specific was not of the least use to him! It was no good to tell him of the rules of a society to which he felt that he neither belonged, nor wished to belong, for clearly it could not be the Church of England. He was an outsider! Grey would probably admit it to be so, if he asked him! He had no longing to be anything else, if the Church meant an exclusive body, which took no care of any but its own people, and had nothing to say to the great world in which he and most people had to live, and buying and selling, and hiring and working, had to go on. The close corporation might have very good laws, but they were nothing to him. What he wanted to know about was the law which this great world—the devil's world, as Grey called it—was ruled by, or rather ought to be ruled by. Perhaps, after all, Bentham and the others, whose books he had been reading, might be right! At any rate, it was clear that they had in their thoughts the same world that he had—the world which included himself and Harry Winburn, and all labourers, and squires, and farmers. So he turned to them again, not hopefully, but more inclined to listen to them than he had been before he had spoken to Grey.

Hardy was so fully occupied with college lectures and private pupils, that Tom had scruples about taking up much of his spare time in the evenings. Nevertheless, as Grey had broken down, and there was nobody else on whose judgment he could rely who would listen to him, whenever he had a chance he would propound some of his puzzles to his old friend. In some respects he got little help, for Hardy was almost as much at sea as he himself on such subjects as "value," and "wages," and the "laws of supply and demand." But there was an indomitable belief in him that all men's intercourse with one another, and not merely that of Churchmen, must be founded on the principle of "doing as they would be done by," and not on "buying cheap and selling dear," and that these never could or would be

reconciled with one another, or mean the same thing, twist them how you would. This faith of his friend's comforted Tom greatly, and he was never tired of bringing it out; but at times he had his doubts whether Grey might not be right—whether, after all, that and the like maxims and principles were meant to be the laws of the kingdoms of this world. He wanted some corroborative evidence on the subject from an impartial and competent witness, and at last hit upon what he wanted. For, one evening, on entering Hardy's rooms, he found him on the last pages of a book, which he shut with an air of triumph on recognising his visitor. Taking it up, he thrust it into Tom's hands, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "There, my boy, that's what we want, or pretty near it at any rate. Now, don't say a word, but go back to your rooms, and swallow it whole and digest it, and then come back and tell me what you think of it."

"But I want to talk to you."

"I can't talk; I have spent the better part of two days over that book, and have no end of papers to look over. There; get back to your rooms, and do what I tell you, or sit down here and hold your tongue."

So Tom sat down and held his tongue, and was soon deep in Carlyle's Past and Present. How he did revel in it—in the humour, the power, the pathos, but above all in the root and branch denunciations of many of the doctrines in which he had been so lately voluntarily and wearily chaining himself! The chains went snapping off one after another, and in his exultation he kept spouting out passage after passage in a song of triumph, "Enlightened egoism never so luminous is not the rule by which man's life can be led—*laissez-faire*, supply and demand, cash payment for the sole nexus, and so forth, were not, are not, and never will be, a practical law of union for a society of men," &c. &c., until Hardy fairly got up and turned him out, and he retired with his new found treasure to his own rooms.

He had scarcely ever in his life been so moved by a book before. He laughed over it, and cried over it, and began half a dozen letters to the author to thank him, which he fortunately tore up. He almost forgot Mary for several hours during his first enthusiasm. He had no notion how he had been mastered and oppressed before. He felt as the crew of a small fishing-smack, who are being towed away by an enemy's cruiser, might feel on seeing a frigate with the Union Jack flying, bearing down and opening fire on their captor; or as a small boy at school, who is being fagged against rules by the right of the strongest, feels when he sees his big brother coming round the corner. The help which he had found was just what he wanted. There was no narrowing of the ground here, no appeal to men as members of any exclusive body whatever to separate themselves and come out of the devil's world; but to men as men, to every man as a man, to the weakest and meanest as well as to the strongest and most noble, telling them that the world is God's world, that every one of them has a work in it, and bidding them find their work and set about it.

The strong tinge of sadness which ran through the whole book, and its unsparing denunciations of the established order of things, suited his own unsettled and restless frame of mind. So he gave himself up to his new bondage, and rejoiced in it as though he had found at last what he was seeking for; and, by the time that long vacation came round again, to which we are compelled to hurry him, he was filled full of a set of contradictory notions and beliefs which were destined to astonish and perplex the mind of that worthy J. P. for the county of Berks, Brown the elder, whatever other effect they might have on society at large.

Readers must not suppose, however, that our hero had given up his old pursuits; on the contrary, he continued to boat, and cricket, and spar with as much vigour as ever. His perplexities only made him a little more silent at his pastimes than he used to be. But, as we have

already seen him thus employed, and know the ways of the animal in such matters, it is needless to repeat. What we want to do is to follow him into new fields of thought and action, and mark, if it may be, how he develops, and gets himself educated in one way and another; and this plunge into the great sea of social, political, and economical questions is the noticeable fact (so far as any is noticeable) of his second year's residence.

During the year he had only very meagre accounts of matters at Engle-bourn. Katie, indeed, had come round sufficiently to write to him; but she scarcely alluded to her cousin. He only knew that Mary had come out in London, and was much admired, and that the Porters had not taken Barton again, but were going abroad for the autumn and winter. The accounts of Harry were bad; he was still living at Daddy Collins's, nobody knew how, and working gang-work occasionally with the outlaws of the heath. The only fact of importance in the neighbourhood had been the death of Squire Wurley, which happened suddenly in the spring. A distant cousin had succeeded him, a young man of Tom's own age.

He was also in residence at Oxford, and Tom knew him. They were not very congenial; so he was much astonished when young Wurley, on his return to College after his relative's funeral, rather sought him out, and seemed to wish to know more of him. The end of it was an invitation to Tom to come to the Grange, and spend a week or so at the beginning of the long vacation. There was to be a party of Oxford men, and nobody else there; and they meant to enjoy themselves thoroughly, Wurley said.

Tom felt much embarrassed how to act, and, after some hesitation, told his inviter of his last visit to the mansion in question, thinking that a knowledge of the circumstances might change his mind. But he found that young Wurley knew the facts already; and in fact he couldn't help suspecting that his quarrel with the late owner had some-

thing to say to his present invitation. However, it did not lie in his mouth to be curious on the subject; and so he accepted the invitation gladly, much delighted at the notion of beginning his vacation so near Englebourne, and having the run of the Grange fishing, which was justly celebrated.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RIVER SIDE.

So, from Henley, Tom went home just to see his father and mother, and pick up his fishing gear, and then started for the Grange. On his road thither, he more than once almost made up his mind to go round by Englebourne, get his first interview with Katie over, and find out how the world was really going with Harry and his sweetheart, of whom he had had such meagre intelligence of late. But, for some reason or another, when it came to taking the turn to Englebourne, he passed it by, and, contenting himself for the time with a distant view of the village and the Hawk's Lynch, drove straight to the Grange.

He had not expected to feel very comfortable at first in the house which he had left the previous autumn in so strange a manner, and he was not disappointed. The rooms reminded him unpleasantly of his passage of arms with the late master, and the grave and portly butler was somewhat embarrassed in his reception of him; while the footman, who carried off his portmanteau, did it with a grin which put him out. The set of men whom he found there were not of his sort. They were young Londoners, and he a thorough countryman. But the sight of the stream, by which he took a hasty stroll before dinner, made up for everything, and filled him with pleasurable anticipations. He thought he had never seen a sweeter bit of water.

The dinner to which the party of young gentlemen sat down was most undeniable. The host talked a little too much, perhaps, under all the circumstances, of *my* wine, *my* plate, *my* mutton, &c. provoking the thought of how long they

had been his. But he was bent on hospitality after his fashion, and his guests were not disposed to criticize much.

The old butler did not condescend to wait, but brought in a magnum of claret after dinner, carefully nursing it as if it were a baby, and placing it patronizingly before his young master. Before they adjourned to the billiard-room, which they did direct, they had disposed of several of the same; but the followers were brought in by a footman, the butler being employed in discussing a bottle of an older vintage with the steward in the still room. Then came pool, pool, pool, soda-water and brandy, and cigars, into the short hours; but Tom stole away early, having an eye to his morning's fishing, and not feeling much at home with his companions.

He was out soon after sunrise the next morning. He never wanted to be called when there was a trout-stream within reach; and his fishing instinct told him that, in these sultry dog-days, there would be little chance of sport when the sun was well up. So he let himself gently out of the hall door—paused a moment on the steps to fill his chest with the fresh morning air, as he glanced at the weather-cock over the stables—and then set to work to put his tackle together on the lawn, humming a tune to himself as he selected an insinuating red hackle and alder-fly from his well-worn book, and tied them on to his cast. Then he slung his creel over his shoulder, picked up his rod, and started for the water.

As he passed the gates of the stable-yard, the keeper came out—a sturdy bullet-headed fellow, in a velveteen coat, and cord breeches and gaiters—and touched his hat. Tom returned the salute, and wished him good morning.

"Mornin', sir; you be about early."

"Yes; I reckon it's the best time for sport at the end of June."

"'Tis so, sir. Shall I fetch a net and come along?"

"No, thank you, I'll manage the ladle myself. But which do you call the best water?"

"They be both middling good. There

ain't much odds atwixt 'em. But I sees most fish movin' o' mornins in the deep water down below."

"I don't know; the night was too hot," said Tom, who had examined the water the day before, and made up his mind where he was going. "I'm for deep water on cold days; I shall begin with the stickles up above. There's a good head of water on, I suppose?"

"Plenty down this last week, sir."

"Come along, then; we'll walk together, if you're going that way." So Tom stepped off, brushing through the steaming long grass, gemmed with wild flowers, followed by the keeper; and, as the grasshoppers bounded chirruping out of his way, and the insect life hummed and murmured, and the lark rose and sang above his head, he felt happier than he had done for many a long month. So his heart opened towards his companion, who kept a little behind him.

"What size do you take 'em out, keeper?"

"Anything over nine inches, sir. But there's a smartish few fish of three pounds, for them as can catch 'em."

"Well, that's good; but they ain't easy caught, eh?"

"I don't rightly know, sir; but there's gents comes as stands close by the water, and flogs down stream with the sun in their backs, and uses all manner o' vlies, wi' long names; and then they gwoes away, and says, 'tain't no use flying here, 'cos there's so much cadis bait and that like."

"Ah, very likely," said Tom, with a chuckle.

"The chaps as catches the big fishes, sir," went on the keeper, getting confidential, "is they cussed night-line poachers. There's one o' thay as has come here this last spring-tide—the artfullest chap as ever I come across, and down to every move on the board. He don't use no shove nets nor such like tackle, not he; I s'pose he don't call that sport. Besides, I got master to stake the whole water, and set old knives and razors about in the holes, so that don't answer; and this joker all'us goes alone—which, in course, he couldn't

do with nets. Now, I knows within five or six yards where that chap sets his lines, and I finds 'em, now and again, set the artfullest you ever see. But 'twould take a man's life to look arter him, and I knows he gets maybe a dozen big fish a week, do all as I knows."

"How is it you can't catch him, keeper?" said Tom, much amused.

"Why, you see, sir, he don't come at any hours. Drat un!" said the keeper, getting hot; "blessed if I don't think he sometimes comes down among the haymakers and folk at noon, and up lines and off, while thay chaps does nothing but snigger at un—all I knows is, as I've watched till midnight, and then on again at dawn for'n, and no good come on it but once."

"How was that?"

"Well, one mornin', sir, about last Lady-day, I comes quite quiet up stream about dawn. When I gets to Farmer Giles's piece (that little rough bit, sir, as you sees t'other side the stream, two fields from our outside bounds), I sees un a stooping down and hauling in's line. 'Now's your time, Billy,' says I, and up the hedge I cuts hotfoot, to get betwixt he and our bounds. Wether he seen me or not, I can't mind; least ways, when I up's head t'other side the hedge, vorrights where I seen him last, there was he a-trotting up stream quite-cool, a-pocketing a two-pounder. Then he seen me, and away we goes side by side for the bounds—he this side the hedge and I t'other; he takin' the fences like our old greyhound-bitch, Clara. We takes the last fence on to that fuzzy field as you sees there, sir (parson's glebe, and out of our liberty), neck and neck, and I turns short to the left, 'cos there warn't no fence now betwixt he and I. Well, I thought he'd a dodged on about the fuz. Not he; he slouches his hat over's eyes, and stands quite cool by fust fuz bush—I minded then as we was out o' our beat. Hows'ever, my blood was up; so I at's him then and there, no words lost, and fetches a crack at's head wi' my stick. He fends wi' his'n; and then, as I rushes in to collar'n, dash'd

if 'e didn't meet I full, and catch I by the thigh and collar, and send I slap over 's head into a fuz bush. Then he chuckles fit to bust hisself, and cuts his stick, while I creeps out full o' prickles, and wi' my breeches tore shameful. Dang un!" cried the keeper, while Tom roared, "he's a liassum wosbird, that I 'ool say, but I'll be up-sides wi' he next time I sees un. Whorson fool as I was, not to stop and look at 'n and speak to un! Then I should ha' know'd 'n again; and now he med be our parish clerk for all as I knows."

"And you've never met him since?"

"Never sot eye on un, sir, arly or late—wishes I had."

"Well, keeper, here's half-a-crown to go towards mending the hole in your breeches, and better luck at the return match. I shall begin fishing here."

"Thank'ee, sir; you keep your cast pretty nigh that there off bank, and you med have a rare good un ther'. I seen a fish suck there just now as warn't spawned this year nor last nether."

And away went the keeper.

"Staneh fellow, the keeper," said Tom to himself, as he reeled out yard after yard of his tapered line, and with a gentle sweep dropped his collar of flies lightly on the water, each cast covering another five feet of the dimpling surface. "Good fellow, the keeper—don't mind telling a story against himself—can stand being laughed at—more than his master can. Ah, there's the fish he saw sucking, I'll be bound. Now, you beauties, over his nose, and fall light—don't disgrace your bringing up!" and away went the flies quivering through the air and lighting close to the opposite bank, under a bunch of rushes. A slight round eddy followed below the rushes, as the cast came gently back across the current.

"Ah, you see them, do you, old boy?" thought Tom. "Say your prayers, then, and get shrived!" and away went the flies again, this time a little below. No movement. The third throw, a great lunge and splash, and the next moment the lithe rod bent double, and the gut collar spun along, cutting through the water like mad. Up goes the great fish

twice into the air, Tom giving him the point, then up stream again, Tom giving him the butt, and beginning to reel up gently. Down goes the great fish into the swaying weeds, working with his tail like a twelve-horse screw. "If I can only get my nose to ground," thinks he. So thinks Tom, and trusts to his tackle, keeping a steady strain on trouty, and creeping gently down stream. "No go," says the fish, as he feels his nose steadily hauled round, and turns with a swirl down stream. Away goes Tom, reeling in, and away goes the fish in hopes of a slack—away, for twenty or thirty yards—the fish coming to the top lazily, now and again, and holding on to get his second wind. Now a cart track crossed the stream, no weeds, and shallow water at the side. "Here we must have it out," thinks Tom, and turns fish's nose up stream again. The big fish gets sulky, twice drifts towards the shallow, and twice plunges away at the sight of his enemy into the deep water. The third time he comes swaying in, his yellow side gleaming and his mouth open; and, the next moment, Tom scoops him out on to the grass, with a "whoop" that might have been heard at the house.

"Two-pounder, if he's an ounce," says Tom, as he gives him the *coup de grace*, and lays him out lovingly on the fresh green sward.

Who amongst you, dear readers, can appreciate the intense delight of grassing your first big fish after a nine months' fast? All first sensations have their special pleasure; but none can be named, in a small way, to beat this of the first fish of the season. The first clean leg-hit for four in your first match at Lords—the grating of the bows of your racing-boat against the stern of the boat ahead in your first race—the first half-mile of a burst from the cover side in November, when the hounds in the field a-head may be covered with a table-cloth, and no one but the huntsman and a top sawyer or two lies between you and them—the first brief after your call to the bar, if it comes within the year—the sensations produced by these are the same in kind;

but cricket, boating, getting briefs, even hunting, lose their edge as time goes on. As to lady readers, it is impossible, probably, to give them an idea of the sensation in question. Perhaps some may have experienced something of the kind at their first balls, when they heard whispers and saw all eyes turning their way, and knew that their dresses and gloves fitted perfectly. But this joy can be felt but once in a life, and the first fish comes back as fresh as ever, or ought to come, if all men had their rights, once in a season. So, good luck to the gentle craft, and its professors, and may the Fates send us much into their company! The trout-fisher, like the landscape-painter, haunts the loveliest places of the earth, and haunts them alone. Solitude, nature, and his own thoughts—he must be on the best terms with all of these; and he who can take kindly the largest allowance of these is likely to be the kindest and truest with his fellow men.

Tom had splendid sport that summer morning. As the great sun rose higher, the light morning breeze, which had curled the water, died away; the light mist drew up into light cloud, and the light cloud vanished into cloudland, for anything I know; and still the fish rose, strange to say, though Tom felt it was an affair of minutes, and acted accordingly. At eight o'clock, he was about a quarter of a mile from the house, at a point in the stream of rare charms both for the angler and the lover of gentle river beauty. The main stream was crossed by a lock, formed of a solid brick bridge with no parapets, under which the water rushed through four small arches, each of which could be closed in an instant by letting down a heavy wooden lock gate, fitted in grooves on the upper side of the bridge. Such locks are frequent in the west-country streams—even at long distances from mills and millers, for whose behoof they were made in old days, that the supply of water to the mill might be easily regulated. All pious anglers should bless the memories of the old builders of them, for they are the very paradises

of the great trout who frequent the old brickwork and timber foundations. The water, in its rush through the arches, had of course worked for itself a deep hole, and then, some twenty yards below, spread itself out in wanton joyous ripples and eddies over a broad surface some fifty yards across, and dashed away towards a little island some two hundred yards below, or rolled itself slowly back towards the bridge again, up the back water by the side of the bank, as if longing for another merry rush through one of those narrow arches. The island below was crowned with splendid alders, willows forty feet high, which wept into the water, and two or three poplars; a rich mile of water meadow, with an occasional willow or alder lay gleaming beyond; and the view was bounded by a glorious wood, which crowned the gentle slope, at the foot of which the river ran. Another considerable body of water, which had been carried off above from the main stream to flush the water meadows, rejoined its parent at this point; it came slowly down a broad artificial ditch running parallel with the main stream; and the narrow strip of land which divided the two streams ended abruptly just below the lock, forming a splendid point for bather or angler. Tom had fixed on this pool as his *bonne bouche*, as a child keeps its plums till the last, and stole over the bridge, stooping low to gain the point above indicated. Having gained it, he glanced round to be aware of the dwarf ash-trees and willows which were scattered along the strip and might catch heedless collars and spoil sport, when, lying lazily almost on the surface where the backwater met the stream from the meadows, he beheld the great grandfather of all trout—a fellow two feet long and a foot in girth at the shoulders, just moving fin enough to keep him from turning over on to his back. He threw himself flat on the ground and crept away to the other side of the strip; the king-fish had not seen him; and the next moment my uncle saw him suck in a bee laden with his morning's load of honey, who touched the water

unwarily close to his nose. With a trembling hand, Tom took off his tail fly, and, on his knees, substituted a governor; then, shortening his line after wetting his mimic bee in the pool behind him, tossed him gently into the monster's very jaws. For a moment the fish seemed scared, but, the next, conscious in his strength, lifted his nose slowly to the surface and sucked in the bait. My uncle struck gently, and then sprang to his feet. But the Heavens had other work for the king-fish, who dived swiftly under the bank; a slight jar followed, and Tom's rod was straight over his head, the line and scarce a yard of his trusty gut collar dangling about his face. He seized this remnant with horror and unsatisfied longing, and examined it with care. Could he have overlooked any fraying which the gut might have got in the morning's work? No; he had gone over every inch of it not five minutes before, as he neared the pool. Besides, it was cut clean through, not a trace of bruise or fray about it. How could it have happened? He went to the spot and looked into the water; it was slightly discoloured, and he could not see the bottom. He threw his fishing coat off, rolled up the sleeve of his flannel shirt, and, lying on his side, felt about the bank and tried to reach the bottom, but couldn't. So, hearing the half-hour bell ring, he deferred further inquiry, and stripped in silent disgust for a plunge in the pool. Three times he hurled himself into the delicious rush of the cold chalk stream, with that utter abandon in which man, whose bones are brittle, can only indulge when there are six or seven feet of water between him and mother earth; and, letting the stream bear him away at its own sweet will to the shallows below, struck up again through the rush and the roar to his plunging place. Then, slowly and luxuriously dressing, he lit his short pipe—companion of meditation—and began to ruminate on the escape of the king-fish. What could have cut his collar? The more he thought the less he could make it out. When suddenly he was aware of the keeper on his way

back to the house for orders and breakfast.

"What sport, sir?"

"Pretty fair," said Tom, carelessly, lugging five plump speckled fellows, weighing some seven and a half pounds, out of his creel, and laying them out for the keeper's inspection.

"Well, they be in prime order, sir, surely," says the keeper, handling them; "they allus gets mortal thick across the shoulders while the May fly be on. Lose any, sir?"

"I put in some little ones up above, and lost one screamer just up the back ditch there. He must have been a four-pounder, and went off, and be hanged to him, with two yards of my collar and a couple of first-rate flies. How on earth he got off I can't tell!" and he went on to unfold the particulars of the short struggle.

The keeper could hardly keep down a grin. "Ah, sir," said he, "I thinks I knows what spwiled your sport. You owes it all to that chap as I was a-telling you of, or my name's not Willum Goddard;" and then, fishing the lock-pole with a hook at the end of it out of the rushes, he began groping under the bank, and presently hauled up a sort of infernal machine, consisting of a heavy lump of wood, a yard or so long, in which were carefully inserted the blades of four or five old knives and razors, while a crop of rusty, jagged nails filled up the spare space.

Tom looked at it in wonder. "What devil's work have you got hold of there?" he said at last.

"Bless you, sir," said the keeper, "'tis only our shove-net traps as I wur a-telling you of. I keeps hard upon a dozen on 'em, and shifts 'em about in the likeliest holes; and I takes care to let the men as is about the water meadows see me a-sharpening on 'em up a bit, wi' a file, now and again. And, since master gev me orders to put 'em in, I don't think they tries that game on not once a month.

"Well, but where do you and your master expect to go to if you set such things as those about!" said Tom, looking

serious. "Why, you'll be cutting some fellow's hand or foot half off one of these days. Suppose I'd waded up the bank to see what had become of my cast?"

"Lor, sir, I never thought o' that," said the keeper, looking sheepish, and lifting the back of his short hat off his head to make room for a scratch; "but," added he, turning the subject, "if you wants to keep thay artful wos-birds off the water, you must frighten 'em wi' summat out o' the way. Drattle 'em, I knows they puts me to my wits'-end; but you'd never 'a' had five such fish as them afore breakfast, sir, if we didn't stake the waters unmissful."

"Well, and I don't want 'em, if I can't get 'em without. I'll tell you what it is, keeper, this razor business is going a bit too far; men ain't to be maimed for liking a bit of sport. You set spring-guns in the woods, and you know what that came to. Why don't you, or one of your watchers, stop out here at night, and catch the fellows, like men?"

"Why, you see, sir, master don't allow me but one watcher, and he's mortal feared o' the water he be, specially o' nights. He'd sooner by half stop up in the woods. Daddy Collins (that's an old woman as lives on the heath, sir, and a bad sort she be, too), well, she told he once, when he wouldn't gee her some bacchy as he'd got, and she'd a mind to, as he'd fall twice into the water for once as he'd get out; and th' poor chap ever since can't think but what he'll be drowned. And there's queer sights and sounds by the river o' nights, too, I ool say, sir, let alone the white mist, as makes everything look unket, and gives a chap the rheumatics."

"Well, but *you* ain't afraid of ghosts and rheumatism?"

"No, I don't know as I be, sir. But then, there's the pheasants a-breedin', and there's four brood of flappers in the withey bed, and a sight o' young hares in the spinneys. I be hard put to to mind it all."

"I daresay you are," said Tom, putting on his coat, and shouldering his rod; "I've a good mind to take a turn

at it myself, to help you, if you'll only drop those razors."

"I wishes you would, sir," said the keeper, from behind; "if gen'l'men'd sometimes take a watch at nights, they'd find out as keepers hadn't all fair-weather work, I'll warrant, if they're to keep a good head o' game about a place; 'taint all popping off guns, and lurching under hayricks, I can tell 'em—no, nor half on it."

"Where do you think, now, this fellow we were talking of sells his fish?" said Tom, after a minute's thought.

"Mostly at Reading Market, I hears tell, sir. There's the guard of the mail, as goes by the cross-roads three days a week, he wur a rare poaching chap hisself down in the west afore he got his place along of his bugle-playing. They do say as he's open to any game, he is, from a buck to a snipe, and drives a trade all down the road with the country chaps."

"What day is Reading Market?"

"Tuesdays and Saturdays, sir."

"And what time does the mail go by?"

"Six o'clock in the morning, sir, at the cross-roads."

"And they're three miles off, across the fields?"

"Thereabouts, sir; I reckons it about a forty minutes' stretch, and no time lost."

"There'll be no more big fish caught on the fly to-day," said Tom, after a minute's silence, as they neared the house.

The wind had fallen dead, and not a spot of cloud in the sky.

"Not afore nightfall, I think, sir;" and the keeper disappeared towards the offices.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

"You may do as you please, but I'm going to see it out."

"No, but I say, do come along; that's a good fellow."

"Not I; why, we've only just come

out. Didn't you hear? Warley dared me to do a night's watching, and I said I meant to do it."

"Yes; so did I. But we can change our minds. What's the good of having a mind if you can't change it! *αὐδενταὶ πως φροντιδες σοφωτεραι*; isn't that good Greek and good sense?"

"I don't see it. They'll only laugh and sneer if we go back now."

"They'll laugh at us twice as much if we don't. Fancy! they're just beginning pool now on that stunning table. Come along, Brown; don't miss your chance. We shall be sure to divide the pools, as we've missed the claret. Cool hands and cool heads, you know! Green on brown, pink your player in hand! That's a good deal pleasanter than squatting here all night on the damp grass."

"Very likely."

"But you won't! Now, do be reasonable. Will you come if I stop with you another half-hour?"

"No."

"An hour then? Say till ten o'clock?"

"If I went at all, I would go at once."

"Then you won't come?"

"No."

"I'll bet you a sovereign you never see a poacher, and then how sold you will be in the morning! It will be much worse coming in to breakfast with empty hands and a cold in the head, than going in now. They will chaff then, I grant you."

"Well, then, they may chaff and be hanged, for I sha'n't go in now."

Tom's interlocutor put his hands in the pockets of his heather mixture shooting-coat, and took a turn or two of some dozen yards, backwards and forwards above the place where our hero was sitting. He didn't like going in and facing the pod-players by himself; so he stopped once more and re-opened the conversation.

"What do you want to do by watching all night, Brown?"

"To show the keeper and those fellows in doors that I mean what I say. I said I'd do it, and I will."

"You don't want to catch a poacher, then?"

"I don't much care: I'll catch one if he comes in my way—or try it on, at any rate."

"I say, Brown, I like that; as if you don't poach yourself. Why, I remember when the Whiteham keeper spent the best part of a week outside the college gates, on the look-out for you and Drysdale and some other fellows."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you ought to have more fellow-feeling. I suppose you go on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief."

Tom made no answer, and his companion went on—

"Come along now, like a good fellow. If you'll come in now, we can come out again all fresh, when the rest go to bed."

"Not we. I sha'n't go in. But you can come out again, if you like; you'll find me hereabouts."

The man in the heather mixture had now shot his last bolt, and took himself off to the house, leaving Tom by the river side. How they got there may be told in a few words. After his morning's fishing, and conversation with the keeper, he had gone in full of his subject, and propounded it at the breakfast table. His strictures on the knife and razor business produced a rather warm discussion, which merged in the question whether a keeper's life was a hard one, till something was said implying that Warley's men were over-worked. The master took this in high dudgeon, and words ran high. In the discussion, Tom remarked (*apropos* of night-work) that he would never ask another man to do what he would not do himself; which sentiment was endorsed by, amongst others, the man in the heather mixture. The host had retorted, that they had better in that case try it themselves; which remark had the effect of making Tom resolve to cut short his visit, and in the meantime had brought him and his ally to the river side on the night in question.

The first hour, as we have seen, had been enough for the ally; and so Tom was left in company with a plaid, a stick, and a pipe, to spend the night by himself.

It was by no means the first night he had spent in the open air, and promised to be a pleasant one for camping out. It was almost the longest day in the year, and the weather was magnificent. There was yet an hour of daylight, and the place he had chosen was just the right one for enjoying the evening.

He was sitting under one of a clump of huge old alders, growing on the thin strip of land already noticed, which divided the main stream from the deep artificial ditch which fed the water-meadows. On his left the emerald-green meadows stretched away till they met the inclosed corn land. On his right ran the main stream, some fifty feet in breadth at this point; on the opposite side of which was a rough piece of ground, half withey bed, half copse, with a rank growth of rushes at the water's edge. These were the chosen haunts of moor-hen and water-rat, whose tracks could be seen by dozens, like small open doorways, looking out on to the river, through which ran mysterious little paths into the rush-wilderness beyond.

The sun was now going down behind the copse, through which his beams came aslant, chequered and mellow. The stream ran dimpling down by him, sleepily swaying the masses of weed, under the surface and on the surface; and the trout rose under the banks, as some moth or gnat or gleaming beetle fell into the stream; here and there one more frolicsome than his brethren would throw himself joyously into the air. The swifts rushed close by him, in companies of five or six, and wheeled, and screamed, and dashed away again, skimming along the water, baffling his eye as he tried to follow their flight. Two kingfishers shot suddenly up on to their supper station, on a stunted willow stump, some twenty yards below him, and sat there in the glory of their blue backs and cloudy red waistcoats, watching with long sagacious beaks pointed to the water beneath, and every now and then dropping like flashes of light into the stream, and rising again with what seemed one motion, to their perches. A

heron or two were fishing about the meadows; and he watched them stalking about in their sober quaker coats, or rising on slow heavy wing, and lumbering away home with a weird cry. He heard the strong pinions of the wood pigeon in the air, and then from the trees above his head came the soft call, "Take-two-cow-Taffy, take-two-cow-Taffy," with which that fair and false bird is said to have beguiled the hapless Welchman to the gallows. Presently, as he lay motionless, the timid and graceful little water-hens peered out from their doors in the rushes opposite, and, seeing no cause for fear, stepped daintily into the water, and were suddenly surrounded by little bundles of black soft down, which went paddling about in and out of the weeds, encouraged by the occasional sharp, clear, parental "keck—keck," and merry little dabchicks popped up in mid-stream, and looked round, and nodded at him, pert and voiceless, and dived again; even old cunning water-rats sat up on the bank with round black noses and gleaming eyes, or took solemn swims out, and turned up their tails and disappeared for his amusement. A comfortable low came at intervals from the cattle, revelling in the abundant herbage. All living things seemed to be disporting themselves, and enjoying, after their kind, the last gleams of the sunset, which were making the whole vault of heaven glow and shimmer; and, as he watched them, Tom blessed his stars as he contrasted the river-side with the glare of lamps and the click of balls in the noisy pool-room.

Before it got dark he bethought him of making sure of his position once more; matters might have changed since he chose it before dinner. With all that he could extract from the keeper, and his own experience in such matters, it had taken him several hours hunting up and down the river that afternoon before he had hit on a night-line. But he had persevered, knowing that this was the only safe evidence to start from, and at last had found several, so cunningly set that it was clear that it was a first-rate artist in

the poaching line against whom he had pitted himself. These lines must have been laid almost under his nose on that very day, as the freshness of the baits proved. The one which he had selected to watch by was under the bank, within a few yards of the clump of alders where he was now sitting. There was no satisfactory cover near the others; so he had chosen this one, where he would be perfectly concealed behind the nearest trunk from any person who might come in due time to take up the line. With this view, then, he got up, and, stepping carefully on the thickest grass where his foot would leave no mark, went to the bank, and felt with the hook of his stick after the line. It was all right, and he returned to his old seat.

And then the summer twilight came on, and the birds disappeared, and the hush of night settled down on river, and copse, and meadow—cool and gentle summer twilight after the hot bright day. He welcomed it too, as it folded up the landscape, and the trees lost their outline, and settled into soft black masses rising here and there out of the white mist, which seemed to have crept up to within a few yards all round him unawares. There was no sound now but the gentle murmur of the water, and an occasional rustle of reeds, or of the leaves over his head, as a stray wandering puff of air passed through them on its way home to bed. Nothing to listen to, and nothing to look at; for the moon had not risen, and the light mist hid everything except a star or two right up above him. So, the outside world having left him for the present, he was turned inwards on himself.

This was all very well at first; and he wrapped the plaid round his shoulders and leant against his tree, and indulged in a little self-gratulation. There was something of strangeness and adventure in his solitary night watch, which had its charm for a youngster of twenty-one; and the consciousness of not running from his word, of doing what he had said he would do, while others shirked and broke down, was decidedly pleasant.

But this satisfaction did not last very long, and the night began to get a little

wearisome, and too cool to be quite comfortable. By degrees doubts as to the wisdom of his self-imposed task crept into his head. He dismissed them for a time by turning his thoughts to other matters. The neighbourhood of Englebourn, some two miles up above him, reminded him of the previous summer; and he wondered how he should get on with his cousin when they met. He should probably see her the next day, for he would lose no time in calling. Would she receive him well? Would she have much to tell him about Mary?

He had been more hopeful on this subject of late, but the loneliness, the utter solitude and silence of his position, as he sat there in the misty night, away from all human habitations, was not favourable somehow to hopefulness. He found himself getting dreary and sombre in heart—more and more so as the minutes rolled on, and the silence and loneliness pressed on him more and more heavily. He was surprised at his own down-heartedness, and tried to remember how he had spent former nights so pleasantly out of doors. Ah, he had always had a companion within call, and something to do—cray fishing, bat fowling, or something of the kind! Sitting there doing nothing, he fancied, must make it so heavy to-night. By a strong effort of will he shook off the oppression. He moved, and hummed a tune to break the silence; he got up and walked up and down, lest it should again master him. If wind, storm, pouring rain, anything to make sound or movement, would but come!

But neither of them came, and there was little help in sound or movement made by himself. Besides, it occurred to him that much walking up and down might defeat the object of his watch. No one would come near while he was on the move; and he was probably making marks already which might catch the eye of the setter of the night-lines at some distance, if that cunning party waited for the morning light, and might keep him away from the place altogether.

So he sat down again on his old seat, and leant hard against the alder trunk, as though to steady himself, and keep all troublesome thoughts well in front of him. In this attitude of defence, he reasoned with himself on the absurdity of allowing himself to be depressed by the mere accidents of place, and darkness, and silence; but all the reasoning at his command didn't alter the fact. He felt the enemy advancing again, and, casting about for help, fell back on the thought that he was going through a task, holding to his word, doing what he had said he would do; and this brought him some relief for the moment. He fixed his mind steadily on this task of his; but alas, here again, in his very last stronghold the enemy began to turn his flank, and the position every minute became more and more untenable.

He had of late fallen into a pestilent habit of cross-questioning himself on anything which he was about—setting up himself like a cock at Shrove-tide, and pelting himself with inexorable “whys?” and “wherefores?” A pestilent habit truly he had found it, and one which left a man no peace of his life—a relentless, sleepless habit, always ready to take advantage of him, but never so viciously alert, that he remembered, as on this night.

And so this questioning self, which would never be denied for long, began to examine him as to his proposed night's work. This precious task, which he was so proud of going through with, on the score of which he had been in his heart crowing over others, because they had not taken it on them, or had let it drop, what then was the meaning of it?

“What was he out there for? What had he come out to do?” They were awkward questions. He tried several answers, and was driven from one to another till he was bound to admit that he was out there that night, partly out of pique, and partly out of pride: and that his object (next to earning the pleasure of thinking himself a better man than his neighbours) was, if so be, to catch a poacher. “To catch a poacher?

What business had he to be catching poachers? If all poachers were to be caught, he would have to be caught himself.” He had just had an unpleasant reminder of this fact from him of the heather mixtures—a Parthian remark which he had thrown over his shoulder as he went off, and which had stuck. “But then,” Tom argued, “it was a very different thing, his poaching—going out for a day's lark after game, which he didn't care a straw for, but only for the sport—and that of men making a trade of it, like the man the keeper spoke of.” “Why? How different? If there were any difference, was it one in his favour?” Avoiding this suggestion, he took up new ground. “Poachers were always the greatest blackguards in their neighbourhoods, pests of society, and ought to be put down.” Possibly—at any rate he had been one of the fraternity in his time, and was scarcely the man to be casting stones at them.” “But his poaching had always been done thoughtlessly.” “How did he know that others had worse motives?”

And so he went on, tossing the matter backwards and forwards in his mind, and getting more and more uncomfortable, and unable to answer to his own satisfaction the simple question, “What right have you to be out here on this errand?”

He got up a second time and walked up and down, but with no better success than before. The change of position, and exercise, did not help him out of his difficulties. And now he got a step further. If he had no right to be there, hadn't he better go up to the house and say so, and go to bed like the rest? No, his pride couldn't stand that. But if he couldn't go in, he might turn into a barn or outhouse; nobody would be any the wiser then, and after all he was not pledged to stop on one spot all night? It was a tempting suggestion, and he was very near yielding to it at once. While he wavered, a new set of thoughts came up to back it. How, if he stayed there, and a gang of night poachers came? He knew that many of them were desperate men. He

had no arms ; what could he do against them ? Nothing ; but he might be maimed for life in a night row which he had no business to be in—murdered, perhaps. He stood still and listened, long and painfully.

Every moment, as he listened, the silence mastered him more and more, and his reason became more and more powerless. It was such a silence—a great, illimitable, vague silence ! The silence of a deserted house, where he could at least have felt that he was bounded somewhere, by wall, and floor, and roof—where men must have lived and worked once, though they might be there no longer—would have been nothing ; but this silence of the huge, wide out-of-doors world, where there was nothing but air and space around and above him, and the ground beneath, it was getting irksome, intolerable, awful ! The great silence seemed to be saying to him, "You are alone, alone, alone !" and he had never known before what horror lurked in that thought.

Every moment that he stood, still the spell grew on him, and yet he dared not move ; and a strange, wild feeling of fear—unmistakeable physical fear, which made his heart beat and his limbs tremble—seized on him. He was ready to cry out, to fall down, to run, and yet there he stood listening, still and motionless.

The critical moment in all panics must come at last. A wild and grew-some hissing and snoring, which seemed to come from the air just over his head, made him start and spring forward, and gave him the use of his limbs again at any rate, though they would not have been worth much to him had the ghost or hobgoblin appeared whom he half expected to see the next moment. Then came a screech, which seemed to flit along the rough meadow opposite, and come towards him. He drew a long breath, for he knew that sound well enough ; it was nothing after all but the owls.

The mere realized consciousness of the presence of some living creatures, were they only owls, brought him to his

senses. And now the moon was well up, and the wayward mist had cleared away, and he could catch glimpses of the solemn birds every now and then, beating over the rough meadow backwards and forwards and over the shallow water, as regularly as trained pointers.

He threw himself down again under his tree, and now bethought himself of his pipe. Here was a companion which, wonderful to say, he had not thought of before since the night set in. He pulled it out, but paused before lighting. Nothing was so likely to betray his whereabouts as tobacco. True, but anything was better than such another fright as he had had, "so here goes," he thought, "if I keep off all the poachers in Berkshire ;" and he accordingly lighted up, and, with the help of his pipe, once more debated with himself the question of beating a retreat.

After a sharp inward struggle, he concluded to stay and see it out. He should despise himself, more than he cared to face, if he gave in now. If he left that spot before morning, the motive would be sheer cowardice. There might be fifty other good reasons for going ; but, if he went, *his* reason would be fear and nothing else. It might have been wrong and foolish to come out ; it must be to go in now. "Fear never made a man do a right action," he summed up to himself ; "so here I stop, come what may of it. I think I've seen the worst of it now. I was in a real blue funk, and no mistake. Let's see, wasn't I laughing this morning at the watcher who didn't like passing a night by the river ? Well, he has got the laugh of me now, if he only knew it. I've learnt one lesson to-night at any rate ; I don't think I shall ever be very hard on cowards again."

By the time he had finished his pipe, he was a man again, and, moreover, notwithstanding the damp, began to feel sleepy, now that his mind was thoroughly made up, and his nerves were quiet. So he made the best of his plaid, and picked a softish place, and went off soon into a sort of dog sleep, which lasted at intervals through the rest of the short summer

night. A poor thin sort of sleep it was, in which he never altogether lost his consciousness, and broken by short intervals of actual wakefulness, but a blessed release from the self-questionings and panics of the early night.

He woke at last with a shiver. It was colder than he had yet felt it, and it seemed lighter. He stretched his half-torpid limbs, and sat up. Yes, it was certainly getting light, for he could just make out the figures on the face of his watch which he pulled out. The dawn was almost upon him, and his night watch was over. Nothing had come of it as yet, except his fright, at which he could now laugh comfortably enough; probably nothing more might come of it after all, but he had done the task he had set himself without flinching, and that was a satisfaction. He wound up his watch, which he had forgotten to do the night before, and then stood up, and threw his damp plaid aside, and swung his arms across his chest to restore circulation. The crescent moon was high up in the sky, faint and white, and he could scarcely now make out the stars, which were fading out as the glow in the north-east got stronger and broader.

Forgetting for a moment the purpose of his vigil, he was thinking of a long morning's fishing, and had turned to pick up his plaid and go off to the house for his fishing-rod, when he thought he heard the sound of dry wood snapping. He listened intently; and the next moment it came again, some way off, but plainly to be heard in the intense stillness of the morning. Some living thing was moving down the stream. Another moment's listening, and he was convinced that the sound came from a hedge some hundred yards below.

He had noticed the hedge before: the keeper had stopped up a gap in it the day before, at the place where it came down to the water, with some old hurdles and dry thorns. He drew himself up behind his alder, looking out from behind it cautiously towards the point from which the sound came. He could just

make out the hedge through the mist, but saw nothing.

But now the crackling began again, and he was sure that a man was forcing his way over the keeper's barricade. A moment afterwards he saw a figure drop from the hedge into the slip in which he stood. He drew back his head hastily, and his heart beat like a hammer as he waited the approach of the stranger. In a few seconds the suspense was too much for him, for again there was perfect silence. He peered out a second time cautiously round the tree, and now he could make out the figure of a man stooping by the water-side just above the hedge, and drawing in a line. This was enough, and he drew back again, and made himself small behind the tree; now he was sure that the keeper's enemy, the man he had come out to take, was here. His next halt would be at the line which was set within a few yards of the place where he stood. So the struggle which he had courted was come! All his doubts of the night wrestled in his mind for a minute; but, forcing them down, he strung himself up for the encounter, his whole frame trembling with the excitement, and his blood tingling through his veins as though it would burst them. The next minute was as severe a trial of nerve as he had ever been put to, and the sound of a stealthy tread on the grass just below came to him as a relief. It stopped, and he heard the man stoop, then came a stir in the water, and the flapping as of a fish being landed.

Now was his time! He sprang from behind the tree, and, the next moment, was over the stooping figure of the poacher. Before he could seize him the man sprang up, and grappled with him. They had come to a tight lock at once, for the poacher had risen so close under him that he could not catch his collar and hold him off. Too close to strike, it was a desperate trial of strength and bottom.

Tom knew in a moment that he had his work cut out for him. He felt the nervous power of the frame he had got hold of as he drove his chin into the

poacher's shoulder, and arched his back, and strained every muscle in his body to force him backwards, but in vain. It was all he could do to hold his own; but he felt that he might hold it yet, as they staggered on the brink of the back ditch, stamping the grass and marsh marigolds into the ground, and drawing deep breath through their set teeth. A slip, a false foot-hold, a failing muscle, and it would be over; down they must go—who would be uppermost?

The poacher trod on a soft place and Tom felt it, and, throwing himself forward, was reckoning on victory, but reckoning without his host. For, recovering himself with a twist of the body which brought them still closer together, the poacher locked his leg behind Tom's, in a crook which brought the wrestlings of his boyhood into his head with a flash, as they tottered for another moment, and then losing balance went headlong over with a heavy plunge and splash into the deep back ditch, locked tight in each other's arms.

The cold water closed over them, and for a moment Tom held as tight as ever. Under or above the surface it was all the same, he couldn't give in first. But a gulp of water, and the singing in his ears, and a feeling of choking, brought

him to his senses, helped too by the thought of his mother, and Mary, and love of the pleasant world up above. The folly and uselessness of being drowned in a ditch on a point of honour stood out before him as clearly as if he had been thinking of nothing else all his life; and he let go his hold—much relieved to find that his companion of the bath seemed equally willing to be quit of him—and struggled to the surface, and seized the bank, gasping and exhausted.

His first thought was to turn round and look for his adversary. The poacher was by the bank too, a few feet from him. His cap had fallen off in the struggle, and, all chance of concealment being over, he too had turned to face the matter out, and their eyes met.

"Good God! Harry! is it you?"

Harry Winburn answered nothing; and the two dragged their feet out of the soft muddy bottom, and scrambled on to the bank, and then with a sort of common instinct sat down, dripping and foolish, each on the place he had reached, and looked at one another. Probably two more thoroughly bewildered lieges of her Majesty were not at that moment facing one another in any corner of the United Kingdom.

To be continued.

GAELIC AND NORSE POPULAR TALES : AN APOLOGY FOR THE CELT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are few greater pleasures, in these days, than to get hold of a really good book—a book not only thoroughly and conscientiously well done from beginning to end, but distinguished also by some peculiarity of subject, opening a fresh field of interest, and breaking a door for the reader into a realm of outlying knowledge. Such a pleasure was afforded to English readers some time ago by the publication of Dr. Dasent's *Popular*

Tales from the Norse;¹ in which work one hardly knew whether to admire most the raciness and vigour with which the Tales were translated, or the mingled learning and eloquence of the Introductory Essay on Popular Tales in gen-

¹ *Popular Tales from the Norse*. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Second Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1859.

eral. At this Christmas season persons who are still unacquainted with Dr. Dasent's work cannot do better than procure it. If they should desire a fit companion to it—a book closely similar in its kind of interest, and contributing a rich fund of new materials in the same direction of inquiry—it is at hand in Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, recently published by the same firm.¹

Whether considered by itself or in relation to Dr. Dasent's, Mr. Campbell's work is one deserving more than ordinary recognition. The manner in which it has been prepared would alone distinguish it from most contemporary books. Reading Dr. Dasent's volume at the time of its first publication, Mr. Campbell, who is a Highland gentleman of the family of the Campbells of Islay, bethought him of old Gaelic tales, not unlike those Norse importations of Dr. Dasent, which he had heard in his boyhood from pipers and others about his father's house; and he resolved, if it were possible, to make a search through the West Highlands to see whether such tales still lingered anywhere in the memory of his Gaelic countrymen and countrywomen so as to be recoverable. To any one else than a Highland gentleman, himself speaking Gaelic, the task would have been fruitless. The Highlanders are unusually shy in their communications on such matters, and evade them with a kind of shame—as if the Druidic reluctance to yield up their mysteries to writing still remained among them, and were all the stronger from an accompanying feeling that such things were now heathen, unedifying, and not approved of by the minister. Before Mr. Campbell's opportunities and perseverance, however, this difficulty vanished. By himself, or by his agents, he was able to discover, chiefly in the remote islands and promontories of the Scottish west, many persons who recollected Gaelic tales, which they had heard in their youth,

and were still in the habit of telling—here an old fisherman, there a blind fiddler; here a drover, there a travelling tinker; with occasionally an old woman, who had never left her native spot, or an old female servant in some Highland household. From the lips of such persons, sometimes in rude native huts, sometimes in village inns, sometimes by the wayside, and sometimes in boats on Highland lochs, Mr. Campbell and his fellow-collectors heard the tales they had in store—frequently obtaining different versions of the same tale from narrators far separated from each other. Effective means were taken to secure the repetition of the tales so often, and in such a way, as to permit them to be set down in writing faithfully and exactly in the Gaelic in which they were told. It is of a selection of these tales—all thus orally collected since the beginning of 1859—that the present work consists. There are about sixty tales in all, longer or shorter. Each tale is scrupulously authenticated by the name of the teller, or some corresponding indication, the date when it was told, the name of the place where it was told, and the name of the collector who heard it and wrote it out. Of each tale Mr. Campbell gives us an English translation, which he vouches for as being not one of those abominable things known as “free versions,” “versions giving the spirit of the original,” &c., but a rendering as close and literal as he was able to make it; and to each he then appends the original Gaelic, together with a few notes explanatory and illustrative. To the whole is prefixed an Introduction of considerable length, in which Dr. Dasent's views and other doctrines of recent ethnology are applied to the Celtic races of these islands and their legends; and in the course of which there are many shrewd and suggestive remarks, and evidences of a rather singular genius and humour—whether of the native Highland chieftain, ill-repressed under his guise as an English author, or only of an educated mind tuned somewhat to strangeness by long dwelling in a strange Gaelic element. Altogether the book

¹ *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected; with a Translation.* By J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.

is a genuine and even remarkable one, possessing both a learned and a popular interest. Some consciousness of this breaks through the modest half-apologetic terms in which the author speaks of it.

"Practical men may despise the tales, earnest men condemn them as lies, some even consider them wicked; one refused to write any more for a whole estate; my best friend says they are all 'blethers.' But one man's rubbish may be another's treasure, and what is the standard of value in such a pursuit as this?"

"And what are you going to do with them stories, Mr. Camal?" said a friend of mine, as he stood amongst the brown sea-weed, at the end of a pier, on a fine summer's evening, and watched my departure in a tiny boat. 'Print them, man, to be sure.' My friend is famous for his good stories, though they are of another kind, and he uses tobacco; he eyed me steadily for a moment, and then he disposed of the whole matter monosyllabically, but forcibly, 'Huch!!' It seemed to come from his heart.

"Said a Highland coachman to me one day, 'The luggage is very heavy; I will not believe but there is stones in the portmanteaus! They will be pickin' them off the road and takin' them away with them; I have seen them myself.' And then, having disposed of geology, he took a sapient pinch of snuff. So, a benighted Englishman, years ago in Australia, took up his quarters in a settler's hut, as he told me. Other travellers came in, and one had found a stone in a dry river-course, which he maintained to be partly gold. The rest jeered at him till he threw away his prize in a pet; and then they all devoured mutton chops and damper, and slept like sensible men. So these tales may be gold or dross, according to taste. Many will despise them, but some may take an interest in the pastime of their humble countrymen; some may be amused; those who would learn Gaelic will find the language of the people who told the stories; and those who could compare popular tales of different races may rest assured that I have altered nothing, that these really are what they purport to be—stories orally 'collected in the West Highlands since the beginning of 1859.' I have but carried drift rubbish from the place where I found it to a place where it may be seen and studied by those who care to take the trouble."

Mr. Campbell's work is calculated to give a fillip to scholarly curiosity in this country respecting the Celtic race in general, and the Gaelic branch of it in particular. There can be no doubt that of late the Celt has been at too great a discount in our literature. In virtue of the constant tendency of opinion on any subject to express itself in a few

very absolute and emphatic propositions, which become blocks of established belief, the speculations in ethnology which have been going on for so many years have led, in this country at least, to a standing affirmation in certain quarters of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt. The wild hysterics of the Celt, his restlessness, his want of veracity, his want of the power of solid and persevering labour, his howling enthusiasm about nothings and his neglect of all that is substantial, the perpetual necessity of some stern alien discipline to keep him in order—these are everyday themes in our talk and our literature. On the other hand, the Saxon figures as the tip-top of present creation; and, by a farther generalization so as to include the whole of his kin, all that has been good in the world since the fall of the Roman empire is represented as Gothic. Positively the thing has gone so far that it is not respectable any longer in certain quarters to be a Celt, and any one who is in that unfortunate predicament has to go back in his pedigree for some Teutonic grandmother, or other female progenitor, through whom he may plead his blood as at least decent half-and-half. So, also, when the Scottish Highlanders are talked of, it is the habit to assert that, while the people are Celtic, all the chiefs are of Teutonic or Norman descent. Now the superiority of certain breeds of men to others is a fact which no one who has his eyes about him, or who knows any thing of history, can deny; nor, whether for speculative or for practical purposes, is there a more useful fact to carry about with one. Further, the historical superiority of the Gothic race, on the whole, to the Celtic—its more vast, more original, more profound, and more enduring influence on the history of the world—is a fact which even Celtic patriotism would find it difficult to contest. Further still, many of the current descriptions of the Celtic character and temperament, in contrast with the Saxon, or, more generally, with the Germanic, are sufficiently accurate, and are verified by constant experience. But, with all this the

Celt has a right to complain of the way in which, by too crude an application of certain ethnological views, the claims of his race have been lately dealt with. That doctrine of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt (for by many it is pushed even to this extreme) which *he* resents with the instinctive anger of his whole insulted being, which writhes his features to their darkest scowl, and to which, mouthed out too rudely in his presence, it might chance that the answer would be his dirk,—this very doctrine the candid Saxon himself ought to declare false, and disprove by his research. Most affirmations of this emphatic kind, after they have served a year or so in literature, lose whatever virtue they had, and require to be re-edited; and, while the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt will still be clung to by those who must have something to say and can't change their phrases, it is perhaps time that those who think for themselves should be trying to substitute for it a more exact appreciation of the Celtic influence in history. Materials for such an appreciation are not wanting, and Mr. Campbell's work may help as a stimulus to it.

Passing over the vague traditions of the primeval or very ancient migrations of the Celts, of their dashings hither and thither against the more consolidated populations of Southern Europe, and finally of their descent into Italy in that terrible hour when infant Rome was at their mercy, one may point out, as pertinent to the present inquiry, that the chance of the Celt in history preceded that of the Goth, and fell upon a time when the conditions were different from those which the Goth experienced. It was not the fate of the Celt to enter on the stage of history as a dominant or conquering race, carrying forward its own institutions and its own traditions, intact out of the past. When the Celtic populations and their religion of Druidism first fairly present themselves to the historic student, they are already absorbed, all but a few outlying bits, within the body of the Roman empire,

and are struggling, with fainter and fainter efforts, in the meshes of the Roman system. The Latin tongue, the Latin laws, and Latin habits overspread them; and Celtic druidism dies out, leaving no such native record of itself, as has remained of the Scandinavian mythology of the sons of Odin. For three or four centuries, whatever of Celtic activity, whatever manifestation of Celtic genius, was possible, whether in Gaul or in Britain, was necessarily such as might consist with the state of these countries as part and parcel of the Roman empire. In such circumstances how did the Celtic mind acquit itself? By no means ill. Not to speak of those men and women, named and nameless, who died in doing what all account it creditable in a race to have had men and women capable of doing—those Gaulish and British chiefs and chieftainesses who resisted Cæsar and Agricola—is it not a fact, known to scholars, that, when the Gauls were once fairly subjects of Rome, they learnt so fast, and took so cleverly to the new tongue and the new civilization, that many of the eminent soldiers, rhetoricians, actors, and even writers who figure in the lists of the later Empire under the general name of Romans, were in reality Cisalpine or Transalpine Celts? Even from Britain itself was there not some similar small contribution of native talent to the general stock of the Empire of which it was a province? At all events, when Christianity possessed the Empire, and there was added everywhere to the exercises of mind and of heart which had been formerly possible for the provincials, the new exercise afforded by theology and ecclesiastical business, Britain, as well as Gaul, performed a competent part. Names here abound; but pre-eminent among them, as that of at least one British-born Celt whose influence ran round the margin of the Mediterranean and agitated the Roman empire, while as yet the Empire survived, is the name of the heresiarch Pelagius. In that "British heresy," concerning freewill and necessity, which roused in opposition to it even the distant or-

thodoxy of Africa, and the continuation of which may be traced throughout the subsequent theology of Europe, till even in our own day the charges of Pelagianism and semi-Pelagianism are bandied about, the Celtic genius signalled first, as it has exhibited so often since, its capacity for systematic speculation.

But anon the scene changes. The Roman empire is no more. The in-breaking Goth, split into a thousand streams, disintegrates by his advances the fabric of Roman society; and over Western Europe new rudimentary states are rising on its ruins. Is the Celtic influence then extinct? Can no strokes and results of important action then be discerned which are indubitably Celtic? Not so. Allowing to the full for the Frankish and other Teutonic effects on Gaul, do we not discern in modern France, and in all that France has been among the nations, the re-assertion—nay, to some extent, the dominance—of the Latino-Celtic genius? Shall we, when we want to satirize the French—to express our dislike of their restlessness, their mobility, their alternate phrenzies of revolution and subjections to military despotism—account for it all by naming them Celts off-hand; and yet, when we are in another mood with them, and think more of all that France has done that is spirit-stirring and splendid, shall we recant the name, or forget that we used it? It does not seem fair. An analysis backward of French activity into the ingredients severally derived from the races that compose the French population, might indeed be a difficult problem; but, on any analysis, the career of France—and that certainly is no little thing in the history of the world—would have to be admitted as, in great part, a Celtic phenomenon.

But turn we to our own Celts of Britain and Ireland. Let the struggles of the Romanized Britons in the south, of the Picts and Scots in the north, against the invading Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, pass as things inconsequential in history, mere footing-ground for poetic myths; let the bulk of the island be handed over to these

Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, as by the right of might and fitness its proper lords; let it be to them, and not to the Celts, that we look back with pride as our ancestors, as the founders of our national system—still, all this supposed, is our quest of farther Celtic influence a mere beggarly search of empty boxes, a fool's errand through dirt and turbulence and mist? Unless we shut our eyes, by no means so! What, for example, of the Celtic missionaries from Wales, from Scotland, from Ireland, who co-operated in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons? What of the struggles of these missionaries to maintain for the whole island a purer faith, and a more free ecclesiastical system, than Augustine and the agents of Rome brought with them across the Channel? There is a period in our national history—that between the withdrawal of the Roman legions and the full establishment of the Anglo-Saxon power—during which the educated Celtic mind, in the persons of Irish and Scoto-Irish saints and ecclesiastics, exerted itself to an extent, and in a manner, not yet sufficiently recognised. Nay, more, when we pass beyond this period, and draw out a list of the more eminent intellectual natives of this land during the Anglo-Saxon period properly so called—those, at all events, who distinguished themselves as writers in the then universal Latin—it will be found that at least as many were, certainly or presumably, of the subject Celtic race as of the dominant Anglo-Saxon. It is worthy of remark, too, that, if these Celtic writers are compared with their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries in respect of the nature of their works, the aptitude for systematic thought, rather than for mere historic compilation or mere ethical and practical discourse, will be found to have been still characteristic of the Celtic intellect. If the Anglo-Saxons can adduce as perhaps all in all their foremost literary name in this period that of the Venerable Bede, and if it is disputed whether Alcuin, the famous intellectual vizier of Charlemagne, was a British Celt or a British Saxon, the Celts can, at all events, claim as their

own the most illustrious European *thinker* of his period, the forerunner and father of the schoolmen—Joannes Scotus Erigena.

We talk fondly of the Anglo-Saxons as the fathers of all that is good and stalwart in us; but it is very questionable whether this country would ever have been one tithe of what it has been in the world, politically or intellectually, but for the Norman Conquest. No one can study English History before and after that event without perceiving the immense change which it wrought, the extraordinary stimulus which it communicated. It is like the infusion of a new supply of the most electric nerve into what had formerly been a somewhat sluggish body of large thew and bone. Now, there is fair room for an investigation whether and to what extent, in that process which transmuted the Scandinavian colony of Norsemen into the French-speaking Normans as they came among us—light and yet strong, flashing and yet persevering—the combination of Celtic blood with Norse may have contributed. But, let the Normans be voted, as is usually done, pure Norsemen who had but changed their language, is the recognisable Celtic element of the mixed population of which they became masters of no farther account in the land during the period of their mastery—these-called Anglo-Norman period? In answer to this, if the realm of literature is still chiefly attended to, it would be possible not only to pick out, in the list of those writers of the Anglo-Norman period who used the common Latin, Celts intermingled with Normans and Anglo-Saxons, and exhibiting the Celtic tendency to speculation qualifying the mainly ethical tendency of the Saxon mind and the mainly narrative tendency of the Norman, but also, extending our view beyond the common Latin to the three vernacular tongues which then divided with it the total literature of these islands, to produce Celtic authors—Irish annalists, Welsh poets, and the like—not unworthy of note by the side of the Anglo-Norman *trouvères* and the first rude practitioners of English. Above all,

one might point to that extraordinary body of Welsh and Armorican legend—embracing in its totality the mythical foreworld of these islands from Brut the Trojan to Arthur and his knights inclusive—which, conveyed into general circulation through Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin, and elaborated and shaped by early Norman and English minstrels, has been a permanent inheritance in our own and in all European Literature, an inspiration and exhaustless magazine of subjects for our Spensers, our Shakespeares, our Miltons, and our Tennysons. Through much of our greatest poetry, when the melody is listened for through the harmony, there is heard the strain of the old British harp.

In pursuing the inquiry down to our own times, it divides itself more obviously into two branches—the investigation of Celtic influence as operating more latently in the mixed populations of these islands, known as English and Scotch; and the investigation of the same influence as exerted in or from the portions of the country where the purest remains of the Celtic race are shut up—Wales, the Scottish Highlands, and Erse-speaking Ireland.

The difficulties of the former investigation are so great that it is never made. As no one can tell who among *us* of the mixed populations is more Celt and who more Saxon—as we meet every day the most sturdy Saxon-looking and Saxon-thinking fellows, who have Celtic names, and, *vice versa*, dark little Celtic-looking men, who have Norse or Saxon names—so, in the general sea of English and Scottish thought and doings during the last three or four hundred years, it is impossible to discriminate what may have been Celtic. The Celt surely exists among us, though submerged. For the credit of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers it is to be assumed that they did not murder out all the Celts in England and the Scottish Lowlands, when they took possession—at least, not the women, though they may have sent their spouses packing to the hills. Now, is nothing to go to the credit of the submerged Celt? An industrious

partisan of that race might collect hints and reasons to the contrary. A writer with whom I and the readers of this magazine are acquainted has done justice, in a way that the world has recognised, to the virtues and claims of the Saxon family of the Browns. "For centuries," he says, "in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, these stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet, under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington—they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them; and little praise or pudding, which indeed they and most of us are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs and such like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but these noble families would be somewhat astonished—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns." Well said for the Browns! But will nobody take up the cudgels for the Joneses, or the Hugheses, for example? The Joneses outnumber the Browns, and even the Smiths, I believe, in the London Directory; and something might be made out of that. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are the four popular types of English wandering and hard English work—one of them a Celt, it will be perceived, but not one of them a Norman. Is the proportion, and is the omission, significant? Who knows? But, if Jones is taken to represent the submerged Celt

in our national constitution, though it would be as difficult to calculate the influence of the submerged Celt in the national character and career, as it would be to calculate the activity of the Joneses of the last three centuries in relation to the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons, yet the admission of *some* influence cannot be avoided. Historical generalizations, a little vague and rash perhaps, might even be made, indicating the nature of the influence. What, for example, if something of that difference which has distinguished and still distinguishes the national character of the Scotch from that of the English should depend on the fact that the mixture called Scotch consists more of a union of the Scandinavian or Norse variety of the Gothic with the Gaelic variety of the Celtic; and the mixture called English, more of a union of the Saxon variety of the Gothic with the Cambrian or British variety of the Celtic? Again, it might be averred, with some backing of evidence, that much of the peculiar history of Scotland, especially in relation to England, from the Norman Conquest downwards, might be construed as the activity of Saxons and Normans coming in aid of a Celtic sentiment—a Celtic tradition of nationality—which inhered in the very region they occupied, and making good that sentiment and that tradition against their southern kinsmen. The standard which the Teutonic or Norman Wallace bore against Edward Longshanks, and which the English-born Bruce bore against his successor, might have had a Celtic blazon.

What the Celt has done in and from the portions of these islands in which he has been more peculiarly cooped up, is more appreciable than what he has done in his submerged capacity as Jones of the London Directory.

In respect of what he has done in those regions, there is certainly a sad side to the story. Rich green Welsh valleys, with broken wheels, tin pans, bits of crockery, and every slatternly thing tumbled through them, and the most illiterate form of Methodism for the spiritual rule and

exercise of their natives ; large tracts of fertile and picturesque Ireland wretched and restless, a confusion of mud cabins and dilapidated villages, more wildly under the sway of the priests than any other spot of Roman Catholic Europe ; the beautiful Scottish Highlands, save where tracks of comfort have been carved through them for the tourists, still fastnesses of native laziness and squalor, equally under the *régime* of that zealous Ultra-Calvinism which has penetrated into them and possessed them, as in the days when the Presbyterian Lowlands regarded them as Popish and heathen—these are the pictures uniformly given us of the still Celtic portions of our islands. It is, indeed, with reference mainly to such contemporary descriptions of the Celt at home that there has grown up the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt ; and the accompanying assertion generally is that, not till the Saxon has taken possession of these regions with his energy and capital, will they be brought up to the mark. There might here, of course, be a discussion, in behalf of the Celt, how much of his backwardness in his native regions may have been owing to insurmountable conditions, geographical and political. Coop up a race apart, it may be said, in a region of hills, and that accumulation of capital which is the necessary agent in all material progress, cannot so easily take place as might be thought—capital must come into it from the flat lands. With the faith which we have, however, that man may almost anywhere be master of his conditions if the proper stuff is in him, this kind of argument, though it may apply in part, will be of less avail on the whole than the testimony borne by those who have known and studied the Celt at home to the many interesting and even noble qualities observable in him, despite circumstances so unpromising to the Saxon. Of Irish wit, brilliant sociability, inquisitiveness, and readiness in all kinds of intellectual acquisition, even the most difficult, we have evidence on every hand. To the good qualities of the Welsh a long line of literary witnesses may be challenged,

beginning with Shakspeare—who evidently loved the Welsh while he quizzed them ; for there is no Welshman in his plays but is a right good fellow, with all his pepperiness, and capable of turning the tables against any swaggering Pistol that offends him. And that the virtues with which Scott invested the Scottish Gael in his poems and novels were not the mere strong colours of the artist, studying picturesque effect, but a deliberate rendering of his own intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic character, rests on his own assurance. To Scott's high tribute throughout his works to the character of the Scottish Highlanders, others might be added—such as the testimony of school-inspectors to the aptitude of the Highland children for learning, or Hugh Miller's more emphatic testimony in behalf of those Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire men with whom he had mingled. In relation to the very matter already mentioned of the backwardness of the Highlanders in material respects, their aversion to change, their contentedness with their poor shielings which a Saxon would have scorned, Hugh Miller's testimony was that he had known the inhabitants of these shielings better than most people, and that, with all the poverty of their environment, they were, as strongly as he could phrase it, a race of *men*.

Corresponding with these accounts of the Celt in his native regions is the impression derived from the retrospect of their activity as manifested *from* these regions. True, this activity has consisted, in great part, in fitful bursts athwart and against the general current of British policy, so that again and again the Saxon has had to wrestle to his ends with the Celt clinging round his neck. But is there nothing considerable on the other side in the very desperateness with which the Celt has maintained this chronic, though unavailing, struggle ? Can it be that that is altogether a paltry race, which has dashed across the equable course of British domestic history, during the last hundred and fifty years, almost the only events charged with the elements of collective daring and romance

—those Jacobite Rebellions and the like, which yet fascinate our memory, and to which our novelists and dramatists go back, as by instinct, when they seek for subjects? And then, the splendid, and more satisfactory, story of Celtic activity in co-operation with the Saxon, in the service of that imperial unity which includes them both! Since the day when Chatham, among his other feats of statesmanship, showed how the Celt might be reconciled and utilized, there has not been a single military enterprise of Britain in which Celtic courage has not performed a part, not a single extension of the Empire to which Celtic blood and Celtic talent have not contributed. From the wars of last century down to that of the Crimea and to those eastern wars which now engage us, the deeds of Irish, Welsh, and Highland regiments in the field of battle have been chronicled with generous admiration by their English comrades, till these regiments have become, in a manner, pets with the British public. But, indeed, those who are least partial to the Celtic race have never denied to it the possession, in a signal degree, of the military virtues. Perhaps it is because it has been easier to observe the Celt so acting, side by side with the Saxon, in distinct masses on the battle field, than to trace him individually in his dispersed state through civil society beyond his native precincts, that proportionate justice has not been done to his abilities and success in other walks than the military. In addition, however, to what might be claimed for the Celt in virtue of the influence (scarcely calculable) of what we called the submerged Celtic element in the national constitution—represented in the Joneses and others who have been mixed with us from time immemorial, and whose Celtic descent is concealed and nullified by length of time—something might be claimed (and I hand over the fuller prosecution of the claim to some one who, as a Celt himself, may be more interested in it) in virtue of the numerous instances that could be pointed out of Celts, fresh and unso-

phisticated from their native regions, or removed from them by so short an interval as still to be traceable as Celtic particles in surrounding society, who have attained eminence in that society, and, in competition with others, emerged well. We would hardly advise a Welshman, at this time of day, to claim Oliver Cromwell as his countryman. Yet he certainly was a kinsman of the Welsh Williamses, to whom Bacon's predecessor on the woolstack, the famous Bishop Williams, belonged; and, in youth, more than once he signed his name "Oliver Williams." But what of the numberless Lloyds, Llewellyns, Prices, &c., whose names diversify the directories of all our towns, and many of whom appear in prominent enough positions? I do not know how it is to be explained, but I have myself observed that an unusual proportion of eminent actuaries and others connected with the businesses of life-insurance and banking in this country, have been Welshmen. So, the Scottish-Highland names at present eminent in the world of British commerce, from Glasgow southwards, would make a pretty long list; to which, pursuing the traces of the Scottish Celt in another and more special direction, one might add some literary names, ending with Mackintosh and Macaulay. If, to some extent, the preference of the Irish Celt for a career of opposition to the Saxon has made his career in co-operative rivalry with him less satisfactory, we can at least point to such facts as the remarkable success of native Irish students in the recent Civil Service competitions, and the large amount of native Irish talent in connexion with the London press and the English bar, as proving the co-operative capacity of the Irish Celt also, when the right way is open to him, and he chooses to take it. Finally, as if to prove that there is some truth in the theory that the British Celt at home has been kept back by the too great stringency of his conditions, there is the phenomenon of Celtic success abroad—of the prosperity of the Celt, and the rapid development of new energies in his character, in those

American and Australian fields over which he has begun to expatiate. That the Irish Celt in the colonies and in the United States should retain so much of the anti-Saxon sentiment is to be accounted for by the circumstances in which he has parted with us here at home ; but this, though we may anticipate its reaction upon ourselves, should not prevent us from hearing of his success with sympathy and pleasure.

Although it so chances that, of all the three remaining fragments of the Celtic race in these islands (*four*, if we include the Manx), the Scottish Gael has the lion's share of popular interest, this is owing rather to what has been done for his literary representation and recommendation by the genius of Scott and others than to any recognition of him through the medium of native literary relics. Welsh bards are more than mere shadows to the student of our literary history ; Irish annalists have been heard of with respect ; but of printed or manuscript remains of the Scottish Gael the rumour has been of the faintest. Since the days of the Ossian controversy, indeed, it has been as much as a man's character for sanity was worth to talk of such things. The rough horse-criticism which trampled out Macpherson's pretensions in respect of the special Ossian poems had trampled out also all belief in the possible existence of any old Gaelic legends or poems whatever. Of late, however, a suspicion has crept in that the horse-critics were too summary in their treatment of the question. Arguing from a kind of *a priori* principle that every race *must* have its poems and legends, people have been disposed to believe in the existence of Gaelic poems and legends, still perhaps recoverable, some of which might throw new light on the Ossian controversy. Actual search, it seems, has confirmed the belief. Mr. Campbell's opinion on this point will be received with attention.

"I believe that there were poems of very old date, of which a few fragments still exist in Scotland as pure traditions. That these related to Celtic worthies who were popular

heroes before the Celts came from Ireland, and answer to Arthur and his knights elsewhere. That the same personages have figured in poems composed, or altered, or improved by bards who lived in Scotland, and by Irish bards of all periods ; and that these personages have been mythical heroes amongst the Celts from the earliest of times. That 'the poems' were orally collected by Macpherson and by men before him, by Dr. Smith, by the Committee of the Highland Society, and by others ; and that the printed Gaelic is old poetry, mended, and patched, and pieced together, but on the whole a genuine work. Manuscript evidence of the antiquity of similar Gaelic poems exists. . . . Macpherson's 'translation' appeared between 1760 and 1762, and the controversy raged from the beginning and is growing still ; but the dispute now is whether the poems were originally *Scotch* or *Irish*, and how much Macpherson altered them. It is like the quarrel about the chameleon ; for the languages spoken in Islay and Rathlin are identical, and the language of the poems is difficult for me, though I have *spoken* Gaelic from my childhood. There is no doubt at all that Gaelic poems on such subjects existed long before Macpherson was born ; and it is equally certain that there is no composition in the Gaelic language which bears the smallest resemblance in style to the peculiar kind of prose in which it pleased Macpherson to translate. . . . The illiterate [Gaela] seem to have no opinion on the subject. So far as I could ascertain, few had heard of the controversy ; but they had all heard scraps of stories about the Finne, all their lives ; and they are content to believe that 'Ossian, the last of the Finne,' composed the poems, wrote them, and burned his book in a peat, because St. Patrick, or St. Paul, or some other saint would not believe his wonderful stories."¹

It is not, however, of such Ossianic legends or traditions of the Finne that Mr. Campbell's present collection mainly consists, but of more miscellaneous popular tales, still current in the West Highlands, where, when there is a good teller present, they are listened to by young and old through whole winter nights. Their character is indicated by the titles prefixed to them—"The Young King of Easaidh Ruadh," "The Battle of the Birds," "The Sea-Maiden," "Conal Cra Bhuidhe," "Conal Crovi," "The Brown Bear of the Green

¹ See a Skye version of the legend of Ossian and his poems, as told by Mr. Alexander Smith, in his paper "In a Skye Bothie," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for December, 1859. It may be compared with a version given in one of the stories in Mr. Campbell's collection.

Glen," "The Daughter of the Skies," "The Girl and the Dead Man," "The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters," "The Slim Swarthy Champion," "The Shifty Lad," "The Smith and the Fairies," "The Queen who sought a drink from a certain Well," "The Origin of Loch Ness," "The Three Widows," "The Sharp Grey Sheep," &c. &c. As these titles will suggest, the tales are, as nearly as possible, the Gaelic counterparts of Dr. Dasent's Norse translations—exactly the same kinds of stories about kings' sons and daughters, younger and elder brothers, giants, fairies, enchantments, magic horses, talking beasts and birds, miraculous swords, golden apples, &c., as compose Dr. Dasent's volume; with this difference, that there the manner of thinking, the tone, the colour, the whole air and scenery, are Norse, whereas here they are Gaelic. On the whole, as tales—whether because here we have what came first to the net in a water not previously fished, whereas in Dr. Dasent's volume we have the picked specimens of the Norse stories—the contents of the book are not equal to those of Dr. Dasent's. The Gaelic tales want the breadth, the hearty humour, the open freshness of their Norse counterparts; in reading which we seem to be among the fair-haired Scandinavians, free and ruddy under their cold blue skies. These are more narrow, concentrated, sly, and sombre, as of a people living in glens, and by the lips of dark deep lochs, though with woods and mountains of heather and fair green spots all round and at hand. For mere pleasure a grown-up reader will go through fewer of Mr. Campbell's than of Dr. Dasent's stories continuously—finding them, after one or two specimens, of a more puerile order of interest, with fewer of those strokes of really new invention, and those gleams of shrewd significance for the intellect, which are necessary to lure most grown-up readers through stories of the kind. But some of the stories are really good as stories; most of them would be favourites with children, if told or read to them well at the fireside;

the element in all is poetical; and not unfrequently there are situations and fancies full of suggestion, which the cultured ideality of a poet like Tennyson might effectively appropriate and develop. What Mr. Campbell says of the ethical spirit of the tales is also worthy of notice. "Amidst curious rubbish," he says, in his dedication of the tales to the young Marquis of Lorne, "you will find sound sense, if you look for it. You will find the creed of the people, as shown in their stories, to be, that wisdom and courage, though weak, may overcome strength, and ignorance and pride; that the most despised is often the most worthy; that small beginnings lead to great results. You will find perseverance, frugality and filial piety rewarded; pride, greed, and laziness punished. You will find much that tells of barbarous times; I hope you will find nothing that can hurt or should offend." On the whole, the book, as a book of stories, is of a kind to be welcome in all households at this Christmas season; at which season, by immemorial custom, fairies, giants, and all the supernatural beings of the extinct mythologies—whether those that flutter beneficent in the air above us, or that moan imprisoned in the midnight blast, or that haunt our knolls and woodlands, or that dwell hideous in pools and caves, or that tenant the depths of Tartarus and clank, far underground, their white-hot chains—revisit our pitying gaze, and whirl once more through the thoughts of men. For, according to the poet, is not this season the anniversary of their banishment and doom? In that hour of wonder when the star which led the Magi stood still over the Judæan hut, what consternation, he says, among the old mythologies! The oracles were dumb; Apollo fled from his shrine; the nymphs were heard weeping on the mountains; conscious of a greater power near, Peor, Baalim, and all the false gods of the East, forsook their temples.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale

Troop to the Infernal Jail ;

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;

And the yellow-skirted Fays

Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their moon-
lov'd maze.

The old theological theory, here so poetically expressed, that the supernatural beings of the popular belief still do actually roam the universe as real existences, and are the cashiered and degraded gods of the extinct mythologies, is, as all are aware, no longer in fashion. And here, had we space, we might consider Mr. Campbell's work in a third aspect—not only as an interesting illustration of the Gaelic character and mode of thinking, and a collection of stories readable on their own account ; but also as a contribution to the science of Mythology, or to that branch of it which Mr. Campbell—in order, we suppose, to distinguish between tales of the ordinary kind and religious legends—calls, somewhat uncouthly, “the science of Storyology.” Referring, however, to Dr. Dasent's essay for a full statement of the doctrine now offered by authorities in this science, we can but indicate its nature.

The fact upon which the inquirers lay stress, and which is the starting point of their inquiries, is the *ubiquity* of certain legends or types of legend. A tale which is found among the Gaels of Scotland is found also among their Celtic kinsmen of Britain or the Continent ; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Gothic peoples also ; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Slavonians also ; and not only amongst them, but also in India and the East generally. Nay, the same tale may be traced back in time, till it is found amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, or the primeval Orientals. Fables which we read in ancient Sanskrit books, in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, in the Greek *Æsop*, in Latin authors, in Boccaccio, in the Countess D'Aulnoy's French collection, &c., turn up at the present day, as still current, under various disguises, among the

illiterate peasantry in remote European districts. The number of such instances of the ubiquity of legends, of their universality in all times and in all tongues, is so great as to press for some hypothesis to account for it. First there presents itself the obvious hypothesis of intercommunication—the hypothesis that a striking or significant tale, originating in one spot or country, has radiated gradually from that spot or country, taking on changes, till some form of it is found everywhere. This hypothesis, however, the authorities dismiss, as not adequate to the facts which they profess to bring forward. There are cases, they say, where the same fable crops out at points of time and space so far apart as to make intercommunication, direct or circuitous, inconceivable. Equally they set aside the hypothesis of coincident imagination. There remains, therefore, the theory of historical ramification. This is the theory actually adopted. The tales and legends which we find common among the Celtic, the Gothic, the Slavonian, the Latin, and the Greek nations of the present Europe, and which we find also among the Indians, are, as it were, the water-rolled drift which has come down traditionally among these nations, through their several channels, from that primeval and pre-historic time when as yet they had not disengaged themselves from the great Aryan or Indo-European mass to which they are traced back also by the evidence of common vocables in their several languages ! Nay, just as a profound philology detects latent identities between the Indo-European family of tongues and the Semitic or the Mongolian, so a profound mythology will not despair of finding traces of legend carrying us back beyond the grand Aryan disentanglement to a still earlier, and more inscrutable, period. For the arguments on behalf of this startling conclusion—to which, we think, there are objections deserving consideration—we must again refer to the works before us.

CATHAIR FHARGUS.

(FERGUS'S SEAT.)

A Mountain in the Island of Arran, the Summit of which resembles a gigantic Human Profile.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WITH still face upward to the changeful sky,
 I, Fergus, lie, supine in frozen rest;
 The maiden morning clouds slip rosilily
 Unclassed, unclasping, down my granite breast;
 The levin strikes my brow and passes by.

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I wot:
 I, "Fergus" called—the great pre-Adamite,
 Who for my mortal body blindly sought
 Rash immortality, and, on this height
 Stone-bound, for ever am and yet am not—

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I say.
 Ye pigmies of a later race, who come
 And play out your brief generation's play
 Below me, know, I, too, spent my life's sum,
 And revelled through my short tumultuous day.

O! what is man that he should mouth so grand
 Through his poor thousand as his seventy years?
 Whether as king I ruled a trembling land,
 Or swayed by tongue or pen my meaner peers,
 Or earth's whole learning I did understand,—

What matter? The star-angels know it all.
 They who came sweeping through the silent night
 And stood before me, yet did not appal:
 'Till, fighting 'gainst me in their courses bright,
 Celestial smote terrestrial.—Hence, my fall.

Hence, Heaven cursed me with a granted prayer;
 Made my hill-seat eternal: bade me keep
 My pageant of majestic lone despair,
 While one by one into the infinite deep
 Sank kindred, realm, throne, world: yet I lay there.

And there I lie. Where are my glories fled?
 My wisdom that I boasted as divine?
 My grand primæval women fair, who shed
 Their whole life's joy to crown one hour of mine,
 And lived to curse the love they coveted?

¹ "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

Gone—gone. Uncounted æons have rolled by,
 And still my ghost sits by its corpse of stone,
 And still the blue smile of the new-formed sky
 Finds me unchanged. Slow centuries crawling on
 Bring myriads happy death :—I cannot die ;

Can only mock the dead man's peaceful face,
 And straightened arm that will not labour more ;
 Yearning for e'en the meanest six-foot space
 To moulder in, with daisies growing o'er,
 Rather than this unearthly resting-place ;—

Where pinnaced, my silent effigy
 Against the sunset rising clear and cold,
 Startles the musing stranger sailing by,
 And calls up thoughts that never can be told,
 Of life, and death, and immortality.

While I ?—I watch this after world that creeps
 Nearer and nearer to the feet of God :
 Ay, though it labours, struggles, sins, and weeps,
 Yet, love-drawn, follows ever Him who trod
 Through dim Gethsemane to Calvary's steeps.

O glorious shame ! O royal servitude !
 High lowliness, and ignorance all wise !
 Pure life with death, and death with life imbued ;—
 My centuried splendours crumble 'neath Thine eyes,
 Thou Holy One who died upon the rood !

Therefore, face upward to the Christian heaven,
 I, Fergus, lie : expectant, humble, calm ;
 Dumb emblem of the faith to me not given ;
 The clouds drop chrism, the stars their midnight psalm
 Chant over me, who passed away unshriven.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
 So from yon mountain grave-yard cries the dust
 Of child to parent, husband unto wife,
 Consoling, and believing in the Just :—
 He lives, though all the universe sank in strife.

Therefore my granite lips for ever pray,
 "O rains, wash out my sin of self abhorred :
 O sun, melt thou my heart of stone away,
 Out of thy plenteous mercy save me, Lord."
 And so I wait till resurrection day.

A MIDDLE-WATCH CONFESSION.

BY ROBERT PATON.

"Eight bells, sir."

"Strike it, quartermaster, and call Mr. Treweeke."

On being struck the bell told that it was midnight, and a lovely night it was; clear, starry sky overhead, and calm, grey, sleeping sea around. We were half-way over the Atlantic, and our ship's ponderous engines revolving ceaselessly with a monotonous sound and untiring power, the paddles sending a long line of gleaming water astern, while a streamer of black smoke, unrolling itself from the funnel, broadened gradually, till it formed a thick murky cloud-island on the eastern horizon behind us.

Pacing up and down the white decks, from the helmsman to the look-outs, I mused on a sailor's life, and on the singular chance which had brought my old chum and shipmate, Fred Treweeke, and myself together again, after so many years' knocking about in different directions.

We had parted with no hope or expectation of further companionship in a ship-board life, and yet here we were, relieving each other this night as officers of the same steamer!

Then, what a happy-go-lucky mortal he was, with a wild and unchecked love of pleasure; no relation left in the world to care for, full of fun and practical jokes. Now, I had found him in every respect changed. He was thoughtful, hard-working and steady; it seemed as if he had gained some settled convictions that gave him self-reliance and self-respect, and one thing was particularly noticeable in him—a continual discouragement of the silly banter and light talk amongst the rest of our mess. Many new incidents in his career I had already learnt from him, but I felt certain there was something he had not told me of; something which in a peculiar mood of mind he would reveal, as we had always throughout our appren-

ticeship been great chums: and I had longed for an opportunity to have a quiet chat, and hear what had happened to cause such an alteration and improvement.

Quick reliefs as a rule he always gave, and soon appeared on deck; and, after some talk about the watches, I transferred the night order book to him, remarking that I had taken an observation of "Procyon," and that he would find the latitude on the log slate.

"Indeed!" he muttered, "by Procyon," adding aloud, after a while, "A lovely night! This is a middle-watch for reflection! What quartermaster cons?"

"Danaford," I answered, "a trustworthy old fellow. He's been a long time in the service. I'm afraid, though, some quiet evening, he'll 'spoil the beauty,' as he calls it, of our new tell-tale compass, for he hates it from the bottom of his heart; its machinery is a perfect puzzle to him, and he terms it 'a blessed spy.'"

"Yes," said Fred, "these old fellows like to have full faith reposed on them, or they are apt to become rusty, and creak on their hinges. I don't blame them. I always make a point now of studying each man's character, and trusting him as much as I possibly can. I find it raises them in their own estimation to be thought well of by us, and I am seldom deceived. But what's our latest rule now?"

"The officer of the watch shall keep his watch on the forecastle, going aft occasionally to look at the compass." (I quoted this glibly from our regulation book.)

"Ah! so it is," he replied, laughing. "How quickly we are getting hedged in by rules and injunctions! Soon, we shall not require to think at all; but this last is not a bad one, especially now-a-days, when one may have a few

months' meditation rustivating in a jail, or an order from Government to quit the sea, and turn our hand to some other business, should a sleepy ship run into us."

"Why, Fred! you're quite a philosopher," I said. "What has happened since those rollicking days and nights in the old town? You don't like to have them brought up again."

"You are right; I don't like the memory of our old days brought up, and if you are not longing for your bunk, and will keep me company for a little, I'll let you know why. It won't be a very bad mode to pass a watch, I think, provided we keep our senses alive. It's a fine night, and but little fear of ships hereabouts."

Pleased with his proposal, and at having got him in so chatty a mood, I willingly followed him forward.

"Keep a bright look out there, my lads!" he cried.

"Ay! ay, sir!" the men sent us back, and, taking a good glance round the horizon ourselves, Fred and I settled near the capstan.

"You think I'm altered since the old times?" he began. "I am, thank God! and I'll tell you how. It's a very short and simple yarn. Don't think I have forgotten those days. By no means. I think of them sometimes, but not with pleasure; other lines have crossed my path, which are more grateful sources of reflection.

"You remember when we parted, I went second mate in the old ship, but only for one voyage. On our return I transferred my services to Old Martin, as he was called by every one who knew him at home or abroad, as his mate in the *Buda*. What a good man I found him! Never a better. He had been very unfortunate; the loss of two ships, and with them nearly all his own hard-won savings of a life-time, had changed him greatly, and he was chastened and softened down by his adversities, from the blustering martinet that few could sail two voyages with, into a quiet, kindly old man, carrying far too many years for a sea-life, but with a

smile, and even a joke ready, when his former ways and success were mentioned.

"You know what a terrible mess a sailing ship is generally in at leaving dock, and what a time the poor mate has. Why! our life here, in these sailing kettles, is princely compared to it. What with the crimp-enslaved crew coming on board drunken and unfit for work; provisions and scraps of the cargo arriving at the very last moment; the mind filled with fears of gear not having been bent properly, of chains not being rightly shackled; with some things perhaps that are required, but starting into one's mind when too late; but little time has a mate to take note of anything save his own duties; and so we were round Holyhead, and fairly standing down Channel, before I had time to look about me.

"To my surprise, I then heard of our having a LADY ON BOARD, and naturally wondered at not having been told by the captain of her coming, nor of my noticing any preparation made for her.

"It turned out to be a young relation of the old man's, and she was accompanied by a nurse. We were some days out before I had an opportunity of seeing her. Our after cabin went right across the stern, and was large, commodious, and nicely fitted up, and entering it immediately on coming on board, she had not yet quitted it, but I learnt from the nurse—"Ursy," as the tars soon got into the way of calling her, from her name of Ursula—that Miss Hay was a niece of Captain Martin, that she had been long in delicate health, and that only a day or two before sailing he had consented to take her with him, although she had been for some time looking forward to, and prepared for a voyage.

"We were getting the ship into nice order, and settling down into the daily routine of a sea-life, and I was rather proud of the whiteness and tidiness of our poop-deck, (flattering myself she would admire it, as, somehow or other I began to find her in most of my thoughts, having, as you know, had rather a leaning towards the fair sex,) when one beautiful, warm-breezy day in

the trades, and while busy setting up the jib guys forward, one of the tars said, 'The young lady's up, sir!'

"I looked aft, and at the break of the poop—let me picture her with my mind's eye as then I saw her, in a common black merino gown, simple and free of all outward ornament, high up on her throat, small enough I thought for my big hand to clasp round, which a little slip of white wound in the shape of a collar, with a black snake-brooch coiled in the centre—stood a young girl, of what age I could scarcely guess, her figure, in spite of the black by which it was clothed, was so light and graceful, so youthful and airy-like, and yet her pale delicate face so full of thought and expression. From wide, drooping sleeves, fastened at the wrist by a bracelet as 't were of pure white coral, two small hands, not less white than the wristbands, came shyly out, and held back bunches of dark hair, while with large, lustrous, speaking-like eyes she looked wonderingly out over the blue dancing sea, its bubbles of foam as they leapt to the sky, and sparkled and vanished, seeming to be reflected in them. Such eyes!—I fancy now that I can reach beyond their outer porch, and see the heaven that lay deep-hidden in them.

"I find I can hardly describe her properly to you; I am a bad hand at tallying women's gear, but, thank heaven! it is not her outward form and semblance I love to recall, but the few words of truth and beauty I heard from her lips, that have been to me, throughout my life since, an unceasing, ay, and ever increasing source of pleasure.

"Of course I went aft immediately, when she smiled, and spoke my name, but what came over me I do not know. Stammering, blushing, and awkward in every limb, I could not find a word to utter, could not even muster courage, although I wished to ask her if I could lead her to a seat. You smile! Well, I myself hardly thought then that I could be so taken a-back. I went away forward to my work again, with a strange feeling of shame and defeat.

'Tut!' I said, 'what's wrong with me, that a pretty girl should unnerv me so and cause me to suffer this uneasiness? They're all alike, these women, all alike. I must conquer this, and have a chat with her.' But no! I could not rid myself of her image; her eyes haunted me. There was something about her which I could not understand, and yet I felt certain that with one glance she had read me through, and knew me, careless, unthinking, and unsteady as I was. It did not strike me then, but I know now, what gave me such sensations. My pride was roused, and I tried back to get hold of some of my early thoughts and feelings before they had become blurred and blunted by half-a-dozen years of a sailor's life.

"I had no opportunity of seeing her again for some time, as she remained nearly always in the after cabin, where I never penetrated. Old Martin sometimes messed with me and sometimes with her, and all I could learn from him was that Miss Hay was an orphan niece, and had taken a strong and unconquerable liking to get this voyage with him. I found myself putting numerous questions to old Nurse, (how we use that word 'old' on board ship, for any one we think of kindly disposition!) but Ursula shook her head much in answering them, and seemed doubtful as to the voyage renewing her young mistress's health. She was ever ready and willing to dilate on Miss Hay's goodness and gentleness, and to tell how her 'sweet angel,' as she called her, was more fitted for heaven than earth; to all of which I was a curious listener, finding it interesting and making me think, which I was never given much to, and seldom indulged in, on any other subject but ship's duties.

"You remember how our last skipper used to urge on us, that before coming on deck to relieve it, we should get ready a subject to employ our thoughts on, if not engaged in actual duties? How, to pass time, we were to imagine a ship in all manner of perilous and untoward circumstances, and find out what we would be likely to do if ever so

placed? How, if nothing else offered to keep the old gentleman from our minds (an idle head being the devil's workshop), we were to repeat and transpose the multiplication table, or get by heart the most useful rules from Norie?

"I had now found a more fascinating subject, and began to pass my watches building air-castles, and holding imaginary conversations with Miss Hay, which I intended she should have the full benefit of, when, getting in fine weather, it would permit her to appear more on deck.

"And that glorious time came at last!—when the night was only a softened continuance of the day, and for whole days we had but to tauten a tack or sheet, while the *Buda*, no clipper, seemed to put her best foot forward, and enjoy the steadiness of the weather as much as we ourselves did.

"When she ventured on deck, I would summon up all my boldness to ask her 'if she were better.' Hesitatingly, and looking straight into mine with her large black eyes, she would reply, 'I shall be better, Mr. Treweeke.'

"When?' I always felt inclined to ask—her tone seeming to lead me to do so; but I could only hang back and mutter some commonplaces about the voyage and the weather.

"What was about her that I should have been so awed and awkward in her presence? She was younger than I, and yet I felt a superiority of soul in her when she spoke, and was aware of a diffidence and respect in myself as if I were listening to one whose years claimed attention and silence. So different was she from all the women I had met in former years, that when she came near, a shyness and half-dread seized me, and I could have run away from her presence, as in the days of childhood I remembered having done, on the approach of a stranger lady, hiding my head in my mother's lap.

"She got better, perceptibly better, even to a rose-flush on her cheeks, in the tropical weather, and came oftener on deck.

"If not employed by ship's duties, Old

Martin would say, 'I'm on deck, Mr. Treweeke,' which was a hint he generally gave that we might relax the strictness of our watch, and even go below if we liked, until he said, 'The course is so-and-so, Mr. —,' and we again resumed charge.

"I began to take advantage of those pauses to have a chat with Miss Hay—slowly overcoming my diffidence, and beginning to take pleasure even in hearing her speak. Sometimes I can call up particular evenings, and even her words. One, when taking an altitude of Procyon (your naming it to-night struck the chord that revived all these memories), and she was leaning over the taffrail, well wrapt-up, while the old man and Ursula chatted on the lee-wheel gratings.

"Taking a star, Mr. Treweeke?' she asked.

"Yes, ma'am,' I said, 'to find the latitude.'

"Ah!' she continued, 'is it not strange, the practical use we make of stars, those other worlds, perhaps, with more glorious intelligences than ours! We take a star, as you call it, and it tells us where we are on this little globe; while no friend at home has the remotest knowledge of our position, although, perhaps, thinking of us with tearful eyes and beating hearts, and this you get so simply.' Then she went on, in a low sweet tone, telling half to herself, half to me, how they were as stepping stones, by whose aid, through faith and love, we could go on and on until in imagination we reached the footstool of the Eternal, and, laying bare our hearts, ask humbly for peace and pardon, and for that assistance and comfort without which our human impulses would drag us to a gloomy despair.

"On me, who had looked on stars as mere guide-posts in the heaven to assist us on our voyages, and who had found it a difficulty and trouble to learn the names of the few I knew, the effect was singular, and was like a vision of another world passing before me. When I look back, I wonder most at the imperceptible manner in which a change

was wrought in my mind. I remember no startling dawn, no sudden emerging from light to darkness; but a growing conviction must have been gradually laying hold of me that life and this world were altogether different, and more beautiful than I had imagined, and that my past had been a sad mistake, which it would take all the future granted me to redeem, if I had only strength to manage it. I even thought at one time it would be better to leave off a sea-life to escape from the temptations surrounding it; but that was a foolish thought, I soon decided, and saw clearly that the sea offered as many opportunities of doing work nobly as the land.

"What a fairy land I created of the remainder of our voyage! With her health increasing day by day, I pictured her delight and surprise on passing into the Eastern world. How new life would come to her in those warm, sunny, glowing days, when we should be going through the Straits, the clear blue sky above so mingling with the clear blue sea below, dotted with the lovely white-beached, green-topped islands, that at a first glance it seems all a dream! How I would startle and please her when the curious Strait-boats, with heaps of pine apples, oranges, mangos, and bunches of golden plantains, with their netted baskets of fowls and fresh eggs, and chattering monkeys and parrots, would come alongside some quiet morning, and she would wake up and gaze with wondering eyes on a new world! How she would smile at the jargon of the natives with their black skins and gaudy head-gear! And the homeward passage, what a pleasure trip I made of it, when, a stay in port having recruited her health, she would be more able to enjoy her shipboard life!

"Many more pleasant evenings we had together, which are among the treasures stowed away in my inner being. She would be lying on the skylight perhaps, propped up with pillows, or, if the ship rolled, on a sofa-cushion on the deck—old Ursula watching her like a little child, and I treasuring up each word

and laying it by in my heart, although at this moment they seem to flit and float shadowily and dimly over the sea of memory—a sad undertone in all I could not fathom then, but which gave them a double beauty and interest when I found out its cause.

"When we commenced running down our easting to the southward we had got as far as 40° latitude, but finding the weather rough and boisterous, made our way up again to 37°, expecting to find it better; but even there we had a bad time of it, and Miss Hay was altogether confined to her cabin. The old man had requested me to go down and sit with them. For awhile I delayed, but at last mustered courage to do so. On these visits I would find her on the sofa-bed, the curtain just withdrawn enough to show the pillow and her small white face relieved by clusters of dark hair, talking to old Martin about life and death, the sea and the stars, and the Great God who made all. I would have given my rude and tempestuous health to have taken away the other-world tone from her voice and look."

"What's that?—two bells! Nothing in sight forward there!"

"Nothing, sir," replied the men, stopping in their to-and-fro walk and gazing steadily ahead.

"Two bells!" continued Fred, absently. "Yes! it was two bells in my first watch one night, when Ursula, tapping me on the shoulder, said, 'If you can come to the cabin, do, Mr. Treweek.' On going into the after one, old Martin was saying, 'You know, Mary, you would come to sea, and it's very dull and dreary, and not as you expected.'"

"'Oh, no!' she said, 'far grander! Oh! far grander! All my life I have been dreaming of the sea, even when far inland, where in every direction hill-tops caught the clouds on their wanderings; where little met the eye save clumps and rows of dark fir-trees, making the land more solid, and the prison-like, shut-in feeling more intense; where the only water was a little burn, listening to whose murmurs I seemed to hear it

say, 'I hasten seawards; come with me; my music is sweet and soothing, but it is nothing to the great ocean's.' Yes! I fancied it sang always—"I go to the sea! come with me!" and whom had I, dear old uncle, to care for where I slept but you?"

"Come, Polly, don't go on so," said old Martin trying to smile,— "don't."

"But she continued, 'Yes, Uncle, I longed to get near it, to be on it, to be far away from all land, and fancied I should die so much happier if clear of all those trifles, which were miseries to one in my health, but which I could not help nor avoid meeting. You know, Ursula, I came to die on the sea, if it was His will! having been often told and knowing well I should not live long. I feel it is not far-off—it is a wide grave, Mr. Treweeke!'

"I started at my name, and without opening my lips stole away on deck, and made some work to distract my thoughts—'Is it possible,' I kept muttering, 'that it is not all a dream? Can this young girl be resigned to early death and an ocean grave? No! it could hardly be. She dying, and I strong-hearted, and full of health, living on! No! it could hardly be.

"I saw very little of her after this, only calling at intervals to ask in a low voice how she was getting on. If she heard me, I would hear her asking nurse if that was Mr. Treweeke, and I would hasten away trying to stop the beating of my heart. The old man and Ursula were constantly with her, and either would come and tell me whenever she had mentioned my name. I had never seen consumption, and would not allow myself to think but of her getting better, and re-appearing on deck in the finer weather coming.

"We had run down our easting, and were well up for the Strait. Still the weather was variable and squally with calms, when old Martin said one night:

"This is not good for poor Molly; she won't last long. I wish I hadn't brought her, Treweeke; but I did it all for the best—all for the best! I

thought we might have done her good, and got her safely out.'

"My attention was taken up with a dark wall of black cloudy stuff rising in the south-westward, and I commenced taking in sail. Do you remember one beginning in the Bay of Bengal in this manner; that night we lost our foremast, where, when the clouds broke, we saw the moon eclipsed, and said we should never forget it?"

"I do," said I, "remember it well; every man and boy knew fear *that* night if never before; but go on describing your squall."

"I will, as near as I can," he went on. "It came slowly towards us with a sough and moaning, such as you hear when, sitting in doors at home, all ears listen as if to a supernatural voice outside. The squall struck us at eleven, and from thence till four hours afterwards we had a perfect battle with wind and rain. The wind veered and shifted, and no sooner had we the yards braced up on one tack, than everything would be aback, and she would be grinding round on her keel. Before I could get the topsails reefed she would sometimes be dashing through the water, and like a mad dog scattering foam from her on every side. But you know the kind of night, and the work it brings."

"Go on," I said, interrupting him, "go on; I realize it better when you describe minutely."

"Well, then! in a moment," he continued, "it would lull, and she would stagger uprightly, and shiver like a horse in battle, the sails flapping and slatting, the topsail sheets surging in the yard-arms with a loud snap, the lightning playing between the masts, and cracking like a coach-whip about our ears, while from the black masses rolling over our mastheads, peal after peal of thunder grumbled and burst, as if to annihilate a doomed ship.

"About three in the morning we were in a dead lull; the squall had passed over, and was moving away from us; but it had left an unearthly stillness and silence behind it, around us, and in the air, a close pent-up feeling as of suf-

focation that even now I seem to feel. Rolling uneasily from side to side, now and then a mass of water would strike us on the bow or quarter, or anywhere, with the dull, hollow sound of a wooden hammer, subsiding again with a splash, as if breaking into a thousand fragments; fagged and worn out, the crew huddled under the fore-castle, and a chilliness came over me, not from my wet clothes—they were warm to the touch—but as if a foreboding or foreshadowing of some disaster. It was very dark. I held on to the mizen top-mast back-stay, and tried to see the helmsman, but couldn't. Thinking, 'can I go down and see how they are?' and wringing the wet out of my coat-sleeves, I only shrank and felt cold, suddenly cold, when a voice—I turned not to see whose, said—

"'You may take in everything, sir; the wind went away with her; we shall have a quiet day, Mr. Treweeke, to bury Mary.'

"Was it all a dream, old fellow? all a dream?" and, leaning his head on the capstan, I heard him struggling to repress his sobbing.

"Are you tired, or shall I go on?" he said, looking up after a long pause.

"Not tired," I said, "pray go on." He did so, continuing in a kind of reverie.

"How some days above others, with all their minutest events, and even our personal feelings at the moment of their occurrence, fix themselves on the mind, unconsciously exercising an influence on our inner life, and through it partly our outer one! Called up suddenly, in some out-of-the-way place, by a slight coincidence of nature perhaps, if nothing else, the whole of their incidents and their results coming vividly back, the good returning with its good, the evil with its evil, *that* retaining its sway mostly which has been most cherished in the interval. This beautiful night, and your mention of Procyon, recalled all that memorable voyage, and I feel relief at having told you, what, till now, has been all my own. Why did I merit such a lasting gift! that the mere com-

panionship of a young girl for a few short months should sink so deeply in my heart, and colour all my future with a hopeful radiance, making me strong for work, and braced for trouble, firm for success, and ready for adversity—that even now, telling you all this, I see angelic wings and hear an angel's voice, when trying to pierce the thick oceanic cloud that wraps her in the far-off Eastern sea!

"On board ship, as you know, one cannot retire to a secluded spot and indulge either his grief or joy in quietude. There is always work to be done, and, light heart or heavy heart, there is no shirking it; it must be faced. The day of her death and of the squall, was one of those which, from a mixture of actual work with deep and sad thought, remains graven on the memory, although conscious at the time of having done and seen everything as if in a dream. The squall seemed to have dragged all the turbulence of the sea, and the vapours of the atmosphere, away with it, and left a life-giving warmth and vitality in the air as of a May-day in childhood. A mere thin veil of fleecy clouds rested round the horizon, into which the deep blue of the zenith faded in till it became grey, and this in turn melted into the silvery surface of the sea. The wind had died completely away, and the throbbing of the ocean's heart after its night's wrestle with the dark spirit that had passed over it, was seen only in long thin black lines that, starting out from the haze, grew firmer and more distinct on their approach, ever rising and falling, gleaming and vanishing, until dying away near us they showed on the other side firmer and more distinct, retreating and sweeping, and bound on their long journey northwards. Every sound jarring on my ear, and acting under some curious idea that it would be more honourable with death on board, I gave the orders to haul all the sails up snugly; so stirless was the air, their flapping and fluttering made it more mournful; and, noting with what a subdued and quiet manner the crew went about the work, I felt pleased

and personally grateful to them when I saw each man and boy had shifted his wet clothes with his best. When we had got everything aloft made as snug as possible, no sound broke the silence save the plashing and surging of the water about the rudder, the creaking of the lower yards on their trusses, and the sullen tap of the carpenter's hammer as he completed the rude coffin that was to hold that fair form. Old Martin and Ursula had never emerged from the cabin, and from my soul I pitied the old man and her at their sad task. This was to be my first burial at sea, and what wonder if strange and undefinable emotions stirred me, when, with the carpenter directing, we raised a platform at the starboard gangway, turning two waterbutts on their ends and placing planks on them with their outer edges on the gunwale? We spread an ensign over all, and our preparations were supposed to be complete. I then went in and asked if I could be of any use. 'No, my lad, no!' the old man said, 'Ursy and I'll manage all—'t isn't for a young lad like you to handle death. You'll read the service over her—about one, I think; and see the men are tidy. You need not work them much to-day!'

"Left to my own reflections, and with the terrible silence all about me, I scarcely think I should have been startled had the sound of that trumpet which

'To archangelic lips applied
Shall rouse the heavens, quench the stars,'

suddenly burst on us from the blue overhead, and stopt our voyage over the ocean and through life. As it was, my mind seemed to become enlarged, and an awful sense of our own littleness and God's greatness stole over me. I thought of the strange fancy which had led her to choose the ocean for a resting-place—if that could be so-called, where there was no rest; wondered if the coffin would reach the bottom; fancied the strange sea-things staring at it in its descent—of its being borne hither and thither, to and fro, in its never-resting progress to decay, until the form once

so shapely and full of beauty becoming part of the great sea itself, its dis-severed particles would be borne round and round the world by its ever-throbbing pulsations; and, starting from my reverie, I felt as if my brain wandered.

"Getting the prayer-book, I looked over the portion I should have to read, and tried vainly to think of the mystery attending the 'changing of our vile body, that it may be like His glorious body.' But I was conscious of some new and strange knowledge stirring in my mind.

"After taking the sun at noon, I ordered one of the boys whenever he saw me coming out from the cabin to commence tolling the bell. It was a sad task for the poor little fellow, and he would willingly have handed it over to some other body; for many a time, I dare say, had a word or smile from her who was gone, made his little heart lighter, and his dull sea-life cheerier. On going into the cabin, I found the carpenter and Old Martin placing her coffin on the table, and, scarcely conscious of the feelings prompting me, motioned to the carpenter to hold on a little. Working up the latitude and longitude, I wrote them on a piece of paper, and put underneath in a firm hand, as if still expecting some one to read it—

MARY HAY.

Died at Sea,
July 15th, 1844.

F. TREWECKE,

and tacked it on the inside of the coffin-lid. Old Martin then whispered, 'Let the crew have a look, Treweeke; it'll do them good,' and took his own last kiss, with a 'good-bye, Polly.'

"The men and boys, who were all clustered silent and sorrowful at the front of the poop, came in one by one, stole a glance with tear-dazzled eyes on the sweet face—as sometimes happens, far more beautiful in death—and then the carpenter shut all up from our sight. Few there were who looked on then, even so briefly, but took away a thought to last a lifetime. At a wave of the hand from Old Martin, we bore her to the

platform, spread the flag over the coffin, and placed two seats near it for him and the nurse.

"You know our beautiful service for the dead—how it awes and solemnizes even when read in private; but how much more so was it to me to read it aloud, and on such an occasion! When I began it even the old tars looked grim and moved uneasily, and the youngsters cried heartily. Come to that portion, 'we therefore commit her body to the deep,' a dozen hands stole quietly from the group of the standers by, and, the inner end of the planks being lifted, the coffin slid down into the blue deep, made

a slight musical splash that sounded like a farewell, foamed darkly for a moment, gleamed, then vanished—and she, whom I then knew I had loved, still love, and shall always, had found the grave she had dreamt of, and was gone for ever!—No! not for ever, I thought, when reading on I came to the words, 'when the sea shall give up her dead.'"

Here he paused solemnly, and looked up into the starry sky, with a strange smile; then suddenly starting, he warmly clasped my hand, and cried—

"I have kept you up late, old fellow; forgive me! Off to your crib, now, and pray before you turn in. Good night!"

VENETIA, AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE

BY R. MACDONNELL.

THERE is assuredly no lack of regret in England for the present condition of Venetia. The great majority of Englishmen desire the liberation of Italy as a whole; and, if any exception must be made, they would not willingly see that exception fall on a territory which enjoyed an ancient independence within the memory of men now living, which was deprived of that independence by the foulest means, and which, in 1848 and 1849, displayed in an eminent degree the qualities of patriotism, endurance, and capacity for self-government.

It is felt, however, even by zealous advocates of Italian independence, that the question of Venetia cannot be regarded altogether without reference to the general interests of Europe. On the part of Austria it has been loudly contended that her possession of the Quadrilateral is important to the security of Germany from French aggression. An object more vital than this to European welfare or tranquillity could not be suggested, and there is ground to believe that the argument thus put forward has had considerable influence in Germany, and has not been without some effect on public opinion even in England.

We propose to examine here the effect on the peace and welfare of Europe, of the continued retention of Venetia by Austria on the one hand, and of its absorption into the new Italian kingdom on the other. We shall endeavour to elucidate this question, not by speculative or abstract reasoning, but by such considerations as may be supposed to influence the ordinary policy of Kings and Ministers. And we hope to satisfy our readers that, even on these grounds, the separation of Venetia from Austria is as important to the general interests of Germany and Europe, as it is essential to the well-being and contentment of the Venetians themselves.

In considering this question we shall assume that the possession of Venetia can only be valuable to Austria for the sake of that possession itself, or of the defensive positions included in it. It is possible enough that the Emperor of Austria in reality values Venetia and the Quadrilateral chiefly as a desirable basis of operations for hereafter replacing all northern Italy, by force of arms, under his own sway, or the sway of his Ducal Viceroys. But we shall not enter into any discussion concerning the value of Venetia to Austria on this latter ground,

not only because an attempt on the part of Austria to reconquer northern Italy would be condemned by public opinion even in Germany, but moreover because we think the success of such an attempt must be regarded as impossible. A war commenced by Austria for a purpose so destructive of French influence throughout the entire Italian peninsula must inevitably, sooner or later, and on some terms or other, bring France into the field. We have no desire to underrate the military power of Austria; but that she should in an offensive war, reproached by the opinion of Europe, waged amidst a hostile population, in a narrow peninsula, bounded by seas under the command of her enemies, succeed in finally overcoming the combined forces of France and Italy, is manifestly beyond the range of probability.

If Italy cannot again become Austrian, she must henceforward of necessity be either Italian or French. This being the alternative, it is obviously in the highest degree the interest of Europe, especially of Germany, and most of all of Austria, that Italy should be Italian rather than French. And we think it evident that Italy never will, or possibly can, be in any sense independent of France, so long as Venetia and the Quadrilateral are in the hands of Austria.

France is now necessary to the new Italian kingdom for the purposes of defence. The hostility of Austria to the present order of things in Italy cannot be doubted; and, though she is unequal to a contest with France and Italy combined, her military resources infinitely surpass those of Italy alone. Holding the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral, Austria possesses, under the Villafranca arrangement, portions of territory on the west bank of the Mincio, and the south bank of the Po, which enable her to invade at pleasure the plains of Lombardy on the one side, and of the Duchies on the other. Her armies appear to be unaffected in number or resources by the financial distress of the Empire; and it is certain, from the character of the present Emperor of

Austria, that, so long as he retains his power, every other object will be sacrificed to the maintenance of undiminished military strength.

We should be sorry to underrate the resistance which an Austrian invasion of Italy would meet with from Italian troops. No one can have watched attentively for the last twelve years the heroic career of the Sardinian army without feelings of earnest admiration and respect. Neither does there seem any reason to fear that the newer forces of the Italian kingdom will prove unworthy of their Sardinian comrades. The exploits of Garibaldi's volunteers in Lombardy in 1859, and in Sicily and Naples in 1860, are well known. We have read with pleasure that it was the newly-raised battalions of the Romagna and Tuscany who sustained the chief brunt of Lamoricière's attack at Castelfidardo, and carried by storm the outworks of Ancona. Even the Italian troops of the King of Naples fought gallantly at the Volturno, and are said to have kept the field till they had lost in killed and wounded a third of their number.

It may be concluded, then, that Italy possesses good materials for organizing a standing army proportionate to her population and resources. The formation of a great army, however, is necessarily the work of many years, as well as of an enormous expenditure. Not only must large bodies of men be raised, equipped, and paid, and tens of thousands of horses, fit for military purposes, be collected and trained, but immense arsenals must be formed, and supplied with all the costly *matériel* of modern warfare. The Emperor Nicholas is said to have been accumulating at Sebastopol, throughout his entire reign, that vast collection of guns, ammunition, and stores, which were expended in the short Crimean war. And, until the formation of an Italian army on a great scale is complete, King Victor Emmanuel and his successors will be unable to cope with the Austrian army in the field. At Solferino the Austrian Emperor is said to have had nearly 200,000 men under arms. The whole Sardinian army

present at that engagement formed only the left wing of the allied force under Napoleon III.; and, even for a single wing, the Sardinians were too few.

As long, then, as the vast standing army of Austria is entrenched in the heart of northern Italy, and as long as the military organization of Italy is on a scale totally unequal to that of Austria, so long must the new Italian kingdom rely for its protection on the arms of France. We believe this protection will probably be given; for the re-conquest of Italy by Austria must on many grounds be strongly distasteful to the French army and nation. But can any one believe that the French will give their aid for nothing? Is it even reasonable to expect from them such chivalrous generosity? Not even those persons (and they form a much more numerous class amongst reflecting men in Italy than they do in England) who think that the French Emperor is animated by a sincere sympathy with Italy, can hope it. Even if it be true, as such persons believe, that the cession of Savoy and Nice was exacted by Napoleon III. only to reconcile the French nation to the sacrifices made by France in the late war, the state of opinion in France has certainly not become such that Napoleon III. could safely undertake another war, unless it were to be followed by other recompenses.

The prospect of a new war in Italy, and the terms on which France should take part in it, have been the subject of frequent discussion by the French press. Some idea of the character of these discussions may be formed from the following passages taken from an article on Italy, which appeared in a late number of the *Revue Contemporaine*, a journal ranking with our own *Edinburghs* and *Quarterlies*. We think these passages so instructive that we shall lay them before our readers, though the article from which they are taken has already been the subject of notice in some of the English papers. After stating that France could not again expend her gold and the blood of her soldiers on Italian soil for nothing, and that the Emperor

would not impose on the army an unpopular war, the writer proceeds:—

"The surest means of giving some popularity to such a war would be to dazzle the eyes of France with the prospect of new glory, combined with an increase of territory; and this time Genoa and the island of Sardinia must be the stake to be played for. The island of Sardinia, added to that of Corsica, gives us a land route towards Algeria; Genoa perfects our possession of a gulf, of which the half already belongs to us; both bring us an increase of maritime power which I should consider indispensable in presence of a kingdom of Italy, which would not have less than 750 leagues of coast."

At a subsequent page the writer touches on another recompense to be obtained by France in the command of the maritime population of Italy:—

"France, possessing vast and well-filled arsenals, and accumulating the matériel of a navy, of which the soul, that is to say, the *personnel*, is wanting, might, at any given moment, borrow from Italy 50,000 sailors, embark them in succession upon her fleet, and display everywhere, and particularly in the Mediterranean, a formidable and victorious flag. England, blockaded at Malta and Gibraltar, would no longer be even mistress of the ocean, for France could there maintain forces superior to hers. Thus it is that the Italian question would recoil upon the nation which has the most favoured its development in these latter days."

A third extract we will give to show the writer's notion of an independent Italy:—

"I may add that the possession of that city (Genoa) would be the instrument necessary to our influence in the Peninsula, and the only efficacious means of preventing the maritime forces, which we should have contributed to form, from one day abjuring our alliance for the purpose of forming

1 Translated from the "*Revue Contemporaine*," 15 Octobre, 1860, p. 363, et seq.

"new ones. Only with the knee upon her throat can the fidelity of Italy be assured. Austria, who understands the matter, knows this well. We should press less roughly and more effectually than Austria—that would be the only difference."

When the recompense to be exacted from Italy for further help is habitually discussed by the French press, and when projects of such hateful rapacity as is disclosed by the foregoing passages can find admission into a journal of character and ability, we may be well assured that further aid from France to Italy must be dearly paid for. And, if France hopes to extort from Italy, attacked by Austria, further cessions of territory and maritime positions in the Mediterranean, or cooperation in aggressive enterprises by sea or land, it seems important to consider whether there is no policy by which England can frustrate projects which, even if they should ultimately recoil on France herself, bid fair previously to give rise to all the calamities of a general war.

England resisted the cession of Savoy and Nice to France by diplomatic protests and Parliamentary speeches. These, however, were utterly powerless then, and will assuredly be just as powerless on like occasions hereafter. It would be wiser to look at the root of the evil, to consider, whence comes it that Italy depends for existence on France, and whether that state of dependency cannot be put an end to. For in this dependency lies the whole danger. Monarchs do not willingly pluck out an eye, or cut off and cast away a hand; and we believe King Victor Emmanuel submitted to that necessity, in the case of Savoy and Nice, with the worst possible grace. So soon as Italy can exist without French protection, there need be no fear of further cessions of her territory to France. But self-preservation knows no law; and, if Italy is reduced to choose between the relinquishment of a province to France and complete dismemberment by Austria, we may be sure that, whatever we may say, she will choose the lesser evil.

Now—werepeat it—thehold of France

on Italy depends on the possession by Austria of Venetia and the Quadrilateral. We have seen that this possession places Italy, in a military point of view, at the mercy of Austria; and it is obvious also, that, so long as Austria holds Venetia, the deadly enmity between Austria and Italy must continue unabated. Not only will Austria be always ready to attack the new Italian kingdom upon any favourable opportunity, but there seems every reason to believe that she could easily be led to do so whenever such a step on her part promised to redound exclusively to French advantage. The Austrian Emperor is one of those narrow and violent men, who, listening to no counsels save those of resentment, are peculiarly liable to be irritated into playing the game of more astute antagonists; and his senseless invasion of Piedmont, in 1859, justifies the gravest apprehension that he may be at any time duped by dexterous management into commencing fresh hostilities for the profit of France.

But it is not only for purposes of protection that Italy hopes for the aid of France. The very heart and soul of Italy are set upon the restoration of Venetia herself to liberty and independence. Whether it is wise of the Italians to risk all that they have gained for this object, it is useless to consider, for it is certain they will do so. Perhaps we may add that it is not less certain that Englishmen would do the like under similar circumstances. Supposing that we had just driven out of the greater part of this kingdom some Danish or Norman rulers, who had held dominion over us for forty or fifty years, but that some fair portion of England still remained under their sway; and supposing that some one suggested to us emancipated Englishmen, to come to an arrangement whereby we should be secured the unmolested enjoyment of our newly-gained liberty, upon engaging to leave thenceforth to our late rulers unmolested dominion over such of our countrymen as still remained in their power,—scarcely a voice would be raised in England in support of such a suggestion.

The more ardent spirits of Italy would attempt the liberation of Venetia at once and unaided. It speaks much for the political sagacity of the Italians, that not even the prestige of Garibaldi has hitherto availed with them against the wise counsels of Cavour, who advises them to wait. It is not, however, the desperate character of the enterprise alone which has thus far prevented an immediate attack on Venetia. It is believed in Italy that the French Emperor meditates an aggression upon Germany; and it is well known that when a French army crosses the Rhine, Venetia may be attacked with every prospect of success. We cannot expect the Italians to be induced, by consideration for the interests of Europe, which has left them in bondage so long, to let slip so good an opportunity for the liberation of their countrymen. It is certain, then, that if the French Emperor ever does make war upon Germany while Venetia is still Austrian, he will derive the most powerful aid from the new Italian kingdom. The Austrian army, which, under happier circumstances, ought to be conspicuous in the defence of Germany, will necessarily be divided. A force, perhaps great enough to turn the scale in the sacred contest for the independence of Germany, will be engaged in resisting an Italian army, fighting for the no less sacred cause of the independence of Italy.

A war between France and Germany would be a terrible calamity of itself, and the success of the aggressor would render the calamity far greater. The French Emperor is not a man to undertake a great enterprise without calculating the chances of success. If he knows that in a war with Germany he would have the ardent support of Italy, and such an amount of sympathy throughout Europe as he could always obtain by including in his programme the liberation of Venetia, both the probability of his undertaking such a war, and the probability of his succeeding in it, if undertaken, would be vastly increased.

But there is even a further danger of

a war between France and Germany, arising from the retention of Venetia by Austria. Not only would Italy enthusiastically support the French Emperor if he should enter upon such a war; but, in the many vicissitudes of European politics, her statesmen might have opportunities of actually exciting or precipitating hostilities between France and Austria, and it would be idle to expect them to refrain from a course which would offer the fairest chance of delivering the last Italian province from the grasp of Austria.

One other consideration we have to add on this part of our subject. Without pretending to explain the Italian policy of the French Emperor, we think it has been throughout consistent with the views put forward in the foregoing pages. The Villafranca arrangement was his work; and Europe was astonished at the military facilities for aggression which were thereby given to Austria. Since the Villafranca arrangement, the Emperor has, on the whole, favoured and facilitated the consolidation of the new Italian kingdom. Does it not appear, then, to be his policy that there shall be an Italy, in many respects strong and national, but with the sword of Austria suspended over her head, and depending on France alone to stay its fall—an Italy, too, curtailed of one of her fairest provinces, and placing her best hope of recovering it upon a war between France and Germany?

If these views should be assented to, the dangers to Germany and Europe, consequent on the retention of Venetia by Austria, will be sufficiently apparent. But it still remains to be considered, whether the sale of Venetia by Austria, and its incorporation into the new Italian kingdom, would effectually avert these dangers—whether it would not give rise to other dangers of a serious character. Unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, the expediency, with reference to general European interests, of the transfer of Venetia to the new Italian kingdom, will not be altogether made out.

It will be admitted that the cession of

Venetia by Austria, and her consequent acquiescence in the new order of things in Italy, would remove all substantial cause of antagonism between the two countries. We do not mean to say that personal antipathies, or old national heartburnings, could be made at once to disappear; but that, politically speaking, and looking at the question, as such questions are, in the long run, looked at by statesmen and cabinets, it would be the interest of Austria and Italy to maintain friendly relations. No real conflict of interest would exist between them, and both would have the strongest motives for avoiding unnecessary complications abroad. Austria has assuredly enough to do at home, and Italy must be long engrossed by the task of blending together, into one homogeneous kingdom, so many provinces but recently delivered from the deteriorating influence of prolonged misgovernment.

We are aware that it has been said that Italy, if possessed of Venetia, might form designs upon the southern portion of the Tyrol, or the eastern coast of the Adriatic. But no rational ground has been pointed out for giving credit to these suggestions, which involve, it will be remembered, an encroachment upon the territory of the Germanic Confederation; and, at all events, if Austria were in earnest in apprehending anything of this nature, it would be easy for her to require, as part of the arrangement for the cession of Venetia, obligations and guarantees, which would effectually prevent King Victor Emmanuel and his successors from attempting further encroachments on her dominions.

The termination of the antagonism between Italy and Austria, by the liberation of Venetia, would not only remove all those powerful motives by which the Italians would now be led to assist, with all their energies, in an attack by France on Austria or Germany; it would make it, in the highest degree, their interest to hold aloof from such a contest. For if the new Italian kingdom had once acquired Venetia, and Northern Italy were once fairly cleared of foreigners, it is obvious that there could be no one thing

so alarming to any Italian statesman as the re-entry into Northern Italy of the armies of either of the great military powers of France or Austria. There could be no one object so important to Italy as to avoid anything which could lead to such a result. From participation in a war between France and Austria, Italy, once possessed of Venetia, would have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Victory could not extend her frontiers beyond the Alps; defeat might lead once more to her dismemberment. When the giants of modern warfare arrange their differences, it is not always done with perfect good faith towards less powerful allies. If France should be victorious on the Rhine, and Italy sustain reverses on the Tagliamento, a peace on the principle of *uti possidetis* might once more, as in 1797, indemnify Germany in Italy for provinces lost on the frontiers of France.

There is, then, every reason to believe that, if the liberation of Venetia were once accomplished, France could no longer look to Italy for assistance in any attack on Germany; that the efforts of Italian statesmen must necessarily be directed to the maintenance of peace in Europe. But we will not stop here. We will admit it to be possible, however improbable, that Italy, though possessed of Venetia, and having no further quarrel with Austria, though her geographical position and military strength would obviously enable her to maintain a respected neutrality—though she would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by war—might be led, or forced into lending her assistance to an attack by France on Germany. We will then consider whether the possession by Italy under such circumstances, of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, would constitute a source of such danger to Germany, that the remote and improbable contingency, that Italy, possessed of Venetia, should gratuitously take part in an attack on Germany, is worth guarding against, at the expense of the present and urgent evil, that Italy, deprived of Venetia, is necessarily under the control of France, and is actuated by the strongest motives of self-preser-

vation and patriotism to assist, with all her energies, in any contest taking place in Europe which may have for its result the humiliation of Austria.

On the part of Austria it is alleged (and, as before observed, the allegation has obtained much credit in Germany, and some credit even in England) that her possession of the Quadrilateral is essential for the protection of her federal territories against invasion; that, if the Quadrilateral were in hostile hands, the southern frontiers of Germany would no longer be secure. The importance of these statements, if substantiated, would be undeniable. At the same time, the assertion of a potentate desiring to retain a certain territory, that it is necessary to him for purposes of defence, is open to some suspicion. It has not been without incredulity that Europe has lately heard that the possession of Savoy is necessary to France for her protection against the new Italian kingdom. In examining the allegations of Austria respecting the Quadrilateral, we shall not impute to the Germanic Confederation, with its armies of many hundred thousands of men, the same fear of invasion by King Victor Emmanuel, or his successors, which actuated the French Emperor in the Savoy transaction; but shall come at once to the point by assuming an attack upon Germany by France, in concert with an Italian power in possession of Venetia.

We propose, without entering into any military discussion of our own, to do what may be permitted to civilians—to test the politico-strategical theories of Austria respecting the Quadrilateral by the opinions of strategical writers of the highest authority; by the history of former wars between France and Austria, especially of the campaigns of the first Napoleon; and lastly by some obvious geographical considerations.

It is a singular circumstance that the most complete confutation of the politico-strategical doctrines, put forward by Austria at the present time, on the subject of Venetia, is to be found in the writings of the greatest strategical authority ever produced by Austria—

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himself a member of the House of Hapsburg.

Every reader of military history is familiar with the character of the Archduke Charles. It seems hard to say whether he has derived more reputation from his career in the field, or from those strategical works to which he devoted himself on the termination of his active service. But we may remind our readers that he was at various times Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian armies on the Rhine, on the Danube, in Switzerland, and in Northern Italy; that both on the Danube and in Northern Italy he frequently contended, and always with credit, against Napoleon himself; and that such is the estimation in which he is held in Austria as a strategical author, that his principal work is officially published by the Government for the use of Austrian officers.

In the introductory chapter of his *History of the Campaign of 1799*, the Archduke Charles enters into an elaborate consideration of the various possible theatres of war between France and Austria. He describes their geographical characters, and discusses at length the advantages and disadvantages to each of the belligerents presented by each scene of operations. And he comes to the conclusion that the valley of the Danube is the vital point in every war between France and Austria. He lays down distinctly that a march from Milan through Venetia upon Vienna is hopeless so long as Austria holds the defiles of the Upper Danube, and he advises his countrymen, in every war with France, to devote without hesitation the bulk of their forces to the valley of the Danube. He refers to possible diversions on the side of Italy as little to be dreaded, and (what is not least important) he takes for granted that the advance of a French army on the Danube necessitates, as a matter of course, the evacuation by Austria of the Tyrol and of Northern Italy.

We wish our space permitted an attempt to give an outline of the reasonings by which these conclusions are established. But we must content ourselves with recommending to the reader

who desires to pursue this subject, an attentive examination of the work itself; and with extracting from it a few sentences stating the general results arrived at on the points material for our purpose. To make these extracts intelligible, we must premise that the author had previously described Southern Germany and the valley of the Danube as the Northern Division; the mountain districts of Switzerland and the Tyrol as the Middle Division; and Northern Italy as the Southern Division; of the general theatre of war. The italics are our own, employed to indicate the passages bearing most strongly on the question under discussion.

After pointing out that military operations by way of Northern Italy must necessarily be circuitous, and explaining the strategical danger of operating on a curve between two points, while the enemy can act on the straight line between the same points, the author proceeds:¹

"Let us suppose that the design be
"to move armies on Vienna, starting
"from Strasburg, and from Milan; the
"march on the curved line from Milan
"through the Venetian country and the
"interior of Austria, will offer no hope of
"success, as long as the enemy holds the
"defile of the Danube between Ulm and
"Ratisbon, and has the command of the
"straight line."

After pronouncing any operation by either belligerent from the south, by way of the Tyrol or of Switzerland, to be inconsistent with strategical principles, and pointing out that there is more military facility in entering these mountain districts from the north, the author proceeds:

"It results from these reflections,
"that the key of all the operations is to be
"found in the Northern Division of the
"theatre of war, and that, once master of
"that, it is easy to penetrate into the
"other divisions with safety and confidence. The conquest of this division

"should be then the first object of the
"operations of the two belligerent powers; and it is in the defile of the Danube
"that the apple of discord lies, which
"must be carried off at any price. Let
"there be no hesitation then in employing
"for this purpose the greatest part of
"the army, whilst doing no more than
"covering the frontiers of Switzerland
"and of Italy against diversions little to
"be dreaded.

"If the French were to succeed in
"conquering the valley of the Danube,
"an operation on the right bank of this
"stream, and skirting the foot of the
"mountains, would offer them the greatest
"number of advantages; the frontiers
"of Austria being deprived of means of
"defence, the possibility of penetrating
"into the interior of that state by the
"shortest and least difficult route, and of
"necessitating at once the evacuation of
"the Tyrol and of Italy, would leave
"them no doubt as to the choice or as
"to the success of their operations."

We must confine ourselves to one extract more, in which the author briefly states, as attesting the truth of his conclusions, the events of the campaigns of Napoleon.

"The events of several campaigns
"bear witness to the truth of these considerations.

"In 1797 Buonaparte had penetrated
"by way of Italy as far as Leoben.
"Braving the arbitrary decrees and the
"despotism of the Directory, he made
"haste to conclude a suspension of hostilities, because the Austrians had a
"powerful army in Germany, and had
"the power of entering Italy by the
"Tyrol.

"In 1800, the French Government, in
"accordance with the judicious views of
"Moreau, reinforced the army of the
"Rhine, in order to give it a decisive
"superiority over that of the Germans;
"and Buonaparte only descended into
"Italy, by Mount St. Bernard, when the
"enemy had been beaten at Engen,
"driven back upon Ulm, and paralyzed
"in Germany.

"In 1805 and 1809 Napoleon neglected
"Italy in order to concentrate his forces in

¹ Translated from the "Histoire de la Campagne de 1799 en Allemagne et en Suisse traduit de l'Allemand, par un Officier Autrichien." Vienne et Paris, 1820, tom. i. p. 23, et seq.

"Germany, and the Austrians derived no advantage from their successes in Italy," because Napoleon, victorious on the Danube, was advancing towards the heart of Austria. Diversions on the part of the army of Italy, by way of the Tyrol, were twice relied on at Vienna, and twice they were found impossible. "In order to move by Innsbruck towards the basin of the Danube, the Austrians would have been obliged to remove further from their base, but could they hazard this manœuvre? They saw themselves on the contrary forced to promptly evacuate Italy, to cross the mountains, between the Isonzo and the Drave, to gain the Lower Danube, and at last to take up a position less perilous, inasmuch as it replaced them on a base parallel to that of the French."

It may seem superfluous to support the views of the Archduke by those of writers of less strategical authority. But we will just refer to what is said on the subject by M. Thiers, because he is not only a writer of history, but has been more than once Minister of France, and must be perfectly acquainted with the views of the ablest men in the French army, as to the defensive systems of all the great European powers. "Napoleon and the Archduke Charles," says M. Thiers,¹ "have proved, the first by great examples, the second by profound arguments, that a quarrel between Austria and France ought to be settled on the Danube." Sir A. Alison expresses views to the same effect, and points out the importance to an invading army of the means of transport furnished by a great navigable river—an advantage wholly wanting to an army invading Austria by way of Venetia.

But it is not only by the reasonings of strategical writers that the alleged importance of the Quadrilateral to Austria for defensive purposes is confuted. The practical experience of all former wars is equally conclusive. During all the many wars between France and Austria

before the time of Napoleon, Venetia was an independent Italian state; and, for some centuries before her fall, she was a weak state. Yet France, though her armies often appeared in Lombardy, never, in the course of these wars, attempted to invade the territories of Austria by way of Venetia.

The various French invasions of Austria in the time of Napoleon have been briefly enumerated in the last passage we have quoted from the writings of the Archduke Charles. We have seen that Napoleon once only led an army to the attack of Austria, by way of Venetia. But the circumstances under which he took this course, in 1797, deprive it of all value as a strategical precedent. Napoleon had then just prostrated the power of Austria by his celebrated campaign of 1796. But he was still only the general of the French Republic commanding in Italy. Though his extraordinary exploits had gone far to render him practically independent within the limits of his own command, he had no control whatever over the French armies beyond those limits. He could not direct the movements, or even obtain the co-operation, of the army of the Rhine under Moreau. He could only follow up his victories by means of such operations as lay within the scope of his own command. He must invade Austria from Northern Italy, or be reduced to inactivity, while others reaped the fruits of his victories. It was not in the character of the man to hesitate between alternatives such as these. He advanced through Venetia into the territories of Austria; and, after finding himself, as may be seen both from his own correspondence with the Directory and the remarks of the Archduke Charles, in a position of considerable danger, he took upon himself, though a mere general, without diplomatic powers, to conclude on his own responsibility, at Leoben, amidst the mountains of Styria, those preliminaries of peace which were afterwards with some modifications embodied in the treaty of Campo Formio.

But, from the time Napoleon acquired control over all the military operations

¹ "History of the French Revolution," translated by F. Shoerl, vol. v. p. 299.

of France, every invasion of Austria took place, as has been pointed out by the Archduke, by the valley of the Danube. Nor was this for want of good opportunity for an attack by way of Venetia. In the campaign of 1800, Napoleon gained in Italy the battle of Marengo. He could have advanced on Venetia with all the prestige derived from that decisive victory. At the outset of the campaign of 1805, the right bank of the Adige, with Mantua and the greater part of Verona were in his hands. And at the outset of the campaign of 1809, not only all the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, but the whole territory now known as Venetia, and which is alleged to be essential to the defence of Austria, was actually part of the French Empire. Yet, in each of these two campaigns, this great master of the art of war, so far from regarding Austria as peculiarly vulnerable on the side of Venetia, "neglected Italy," as the Archduke expresses it; in each of them the Austrians were victorious in Italy, and established themselves on the Adige, while Napoleon was operating on the Danube; and in each, as he had foreseen, so soon as Austria sustained reverses on the Danube, her Italian armies abandoned, as untenable, their strong positions on the Adige, and hastened to effect the complete evacuation of Venetia.

We think, then, that the history of former wars proves, as far as anything can be proved by actual experience, that the Venetian frontier of Austria is not one of her vulnerable points; that consequently the Quadrilateral is not necessary to Austria for the purposes of defence; and, moreover, that, as was exemplified in the campaigns of 1805 and 1809, if Austria meet with reverses on the Danube, her positions on the Adige, whether important or unimportant, become untenable, and consequently can no longer form an element in her defensive system.

We will conclude this part of our subject by a few plain geographical considerations. A French army destined to invade Austria by way of Venetia, must make a *détour* of nearly 400 miles for

that purpose. It must either effect the conquest of the Tyrol, or march for several hundred miles with its left flank in proximity to mountain ranges in possession of the enemy. And, long before quitting the territory of Venetia, such an army would be at a greater distance from France and Paris than any one of the armies of Germany, and would consequently be quite unavailable for the defence of France against a homethrust aimed at her by Germany.

Any ordinary topography will moreover shew that Austria possesses everywhere an excellent natural frontier on the side of Venetia. From Vienna to the frontier of Venetia is upwards of 250 miles, which is considerably more than the distance from Paris to the frontiers of Belgium, and about the same as the distance from Paris to the frontiers of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. If, then, Vienna would not be secure without Venetia, there can be no answer to the proposition that Paris is not secure without Belgium, and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. Indeed, Paris must be far less secure, while France retains her present frontiers, than Vienna would be, if Austria relinquished Venetia; for the provinces of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, which lie between Vienna and Venetia, differ widely in natural character from the rich plains of France. Traversed by the Julian and Noric Alps, barren, and with few roads, these provinces present serious natural difficulties to an invading force. Three successive mountain ranges intersect the road to Vienna, selected by Napoleon as most practicable in 1797. Close to the Venetian frontier is the Col de Tarwis, a pass of the Julian Alps, which was obstinately defended against the French. In that year "The combatants,"¹ says "M. Thiers, "fought above the clouds, "amidst snow, and upon plains of ice." After crossing the valley of the Drave, the road again ascends to the gorge of Neumarkt, the scene of another struggle in 1797, and described by Sir A. Alison,

¹ "Thiers' History of the French Revolution," translated by F. Shoberl, vol. v. p. 37.

from personal observation, as "a terrific defile, which even a traveller can hardly "traverse without awe," and as offering "the strongest position to a retreating army." Beyond this, in the valley of the Muhr, is the town of Leoben, where the preliminaries of peace were concluded by Napoleon in 1797. And between Leoben and the plains of Austria lies the range of the Noric Alps, which is crossed at the pass of the Semmering, where, as stated in Murray's Handbook of Southern Germany, the highest railway in the world is carried by a tunnel 4,600 feet long through the mountain, at a height of 2,893 feet above the sea, and the post-road attains a still higher elevation.¹ The assertion that a frontier such as this is not amply sufficient for the defence of Vienna, is nothing short of an imposture. The natural difficulties of the country seem alone enough to deter an invader, and the expenditure of a smaller sum than a single year's occupation of Venetia must cost to Austria, upon the fortification of the mountain passes traversed by the few roads of these lonely regions, would render them impregnable to any enemy.

Nor is it only on the side of Vienna that Austria is protected by nature from attack from the Venetian territory. For on the north and west of Venetia, Austria holds the mountain ranges of the Tyrol; and, on the south-east, Trieste, though not far distant from the frontier, is covered partly by the Julian Alps, and partly by the line of the Isonzo.

Before concluding, we will briefly recapitulate the leading points to which we have directed our readers' attention. We have shown that the retention of Venetia by Austria places the new Italian Kingdom for many years to come, in a military point of view, at the mercy of Austria; and consequently in a state of dependence on the protection of France. We have pointed out that this protection must be paid for by Italy on such terms as

France may exact—whether by cessions of territory and maritime positions in the Mediterranean, increasing the powers of aggression of the great aggressive state of Western Europe; or by co-operation in enterprises, by sea or land, injurious to the interests of Europe—and we have further pointed out the direct interest which Italy will have in aiding in, nay, even in exciting, a war between France and Germany, which would afford the best opportunity for the liberation of Venetia. Entering then upon a consideration of the consequences of the relinquishment of Venetia by Austria, we have shown that such a step would remove all real cause of strife between Italy and Austria, and bring to a close that permanent enmity between those two countries, which at present constitutes a danger to Europe, and tends to encourage and facilitate an aggressive policy on the part of France. We have pointed out that, from the moment that Northern Italy is cleared of foreigners, the Italian Kingdom must be actuated by the strongest motives to avoid war herself, and to do her utmost for the preservation of the general peace. And, coming lastly to the supposition of a great war between France and Germany, we have examined the Austrian theory that her possession of the Quadrilateral is essential to the protection of Southern Germany. We have tested this theory by the opinions of the greatest of modern strategical writers, and by the practice of the greatest of modern conquerors, and we have found that the Austrian theory will not stand either of these tests—that the reasonings of the Archduke Charles, the campaigns of Napoleon, and the geographical character of the whole frontier of the federal territories of Austria on the side of Northern Italy, combine to prove uncontestedly, that the Venetian frontier of Austria is not one of her vulnerable points, and consequently that the allegation that the Quadrilateral is necessary to Austria for purposes of defence is nothing better than a pretence and a delusion.

We stated, at the outset, that the rea-

¹ The *Illustrated London News*, of December 1, 1860, contains some views of this celebrated pass, which show at a glance its stupendous natural difficulties.

soning by which we should endeavour to substantiate our views should be of that kind which may be supposed to influence the ordinary policy of states. In attempting to elucidate our subject in this point of view, we are far from denying the force of less interested considerations. That the retention of Venetia by Austria is a grievous injustice, that no act of injustice can be truly beneficial, or ought to be upheld even if it could be so, we fully admit. These grounds ought of themselves to prevent England from in any way countenancing the retention of Venetia by Austria. Abstract principles of justice, however, are not admitted to constitute a sufficient basis of diplomatic action. Neither can England remonstrate with Austria against her retention of Venetia, on the ground that she thereby inflicts grievous injury on her own interests—that she incurs the per-

manent hostility of the liberal party throughout Europe, aggravates financial embarrassments already verging on bankruptcy, lessens her military strength everywhere out of Italy, and increases her risk of losing Hungary. These are considerations for Austria herself. But if, as we think incontestable, the retention of Venetia by Austria is a source of danger and disquietude to all Europe, and bids fair, if continued, to produce a general war; if, moreover, the chief pretence put forward to justify it cannot bear examination—surely the time draws near when it will become our ministers and statesmen to do something more than look on in silent disapprobation; when it will be their duty, in clear though friendly language, to proclaim, that the relinquishment of Venetia, upon a fair indemnification, is due from Austria to the peace and welfare of Europe.

THE HERALD STAR: A CHRISTMAS POEM.

Lo! the recurring Season, and the time
Of festal meetings and familiar love;
And the sweet pealing of the silver chime
That gives the day its blessing from above.

Once more, innumerable teachers read
The wondrous story of the Saviour's birth:
The HERALD STAR that promised to our need
Peace and Good-will through all the suffering earth!

It shone not on the steel-clad conqueror's tent,
Nor on the palaces of sleeping kings,
Nor where the sage's studious head was bent
Rose the white lustre of the angel wings.

On Herod's purple couch no glory fell;
To Pilate came no quick revealing gleams;
Nor lords nor princes started, as some spell
Flashed the bright warning through their land of dreams.

But to the men of toil and simple need,
Whose lives were subject unto others' wills;
Whose emblematic task it was to lead
Flocks to green pastures by refreshing rills;

To them the choral angels in that night
Sang the meek advent of the Shepherd Lord:
They saw the shining of the wondrous light,
Sought the Redeemer, found Him, and adored!

We hear, and marvel! Yea, Lord, is it so?
Shall we, too, find Thee, after many days?
Is there yet light to guide us in the glow,
That lingers faintly from thy vanished rays?

Our earth is full of tumults and of wars—
Our map of nations, rife with battle-fields,
Shows like a warrior's face all seamed with scars,
Dead on a heap of broken spears and shields;

And far and near the horrid clash of swords,
And serpent tongues of swift destroying flame,
And crimson streams of blood, and shouted words
Of marshalling cries, proclaim peace but a name.

Yea, where War is not, suffering yet appals;
The meek are crushed: the Despot smiles and dares;
The poor lean shivering up by rich men's walls,
And Slander wrecks the good man unawares.

How long, O Lord, we ask, e'er Peace shall come?
Let our souls dwell in patience: God sees best.
The cross, and then the crown: the struggle home,
And then the hush of an eternal rest.

If tasks seem heavy, and if time seems brief,
We do but follow where the Saviour led!
His life was but a pilgrimage of grief,
A crown of thorns, and thorny paths to tread.

Lone and uncheered through sacrificial hours
He passed to reach the consummatory end:
No paradise for Him in earthly bowers;
No human ties, no equal pitying friend!

A man "of sorrows,"—and a God abased
To sense of torture; witness that sharp cry
Heard by the wondering crowd who restless paced
The fatal mount, and watched to see Him die.

Beholding Him; ah! who shall dare lament
Their thankless toil,—their suffering and their strife,—
Their share denied of joy to others lent—
The alien days—the misjudged lonely life?

All must fall short of that intense good will
Which took our Nature on Him but for loss:
We hope success: Christ suffered, knowing still
Hope fled from earth—beyond the bitter Cross!

We hear strange talk of reading of the stars;
And stars of Destiny; that such a one
Is born beneath a good or evil star,
And by its government his course is run.

Oh! truth is in the ignorant lying tongue,
Permitted thus to rave out prophet words;
As strains to God in harmony are sung
Through wooden pipes that form the organ chords.

Each *has* his Star ; however tempest-tost ;
 Steadfast in glory, able yet to guide,
 Though all the beacon-lamps of earth be lost
 In misty dashings of Life's dangerous tide.

But distant its uprising, set within
 The gleaming city of the Lamb of God ;
 Death's gates must open, shut on us by sin,
 E'er perfect light make clear the paths we trod.

And not until Death's haven we can reach,
 Shall mortals hear again that Heavenly Psalm ;
 Not till we pass the shoal and rocky beach,
 And cast our anchor in the depths of calm.

"Peace and good-will !" the choral hymn of Heaven
 Are not faint echoes of it yet on earth ?
 Are not some softening gleams of glory given
 In each recurring day of Jesu's birth ?

Do not men lean more kindly to the poor ?
 Hear with more reverence the church-bell's chime ?
 While prodigals creep hopeful to the door,—
 "Father, forgive us,—*this is Christmas time !*"

Yea, the light is not vanished from our gaze ;
 A lingering comfort visits us from far ;
 Repent ; resolve ; forgive ; *these* are the rays
 Still shining from the unapparent Star !

As our own sun, when he from us declines
 To orb full splendour in another sphere,
 Through western skies with spreading glory shines,
 Though his concentrated light be vanished here,

Till with reflected glow the earth is decked ;
 Each cold grey cloud takes colour to its breast,
 And all the wide expanse of Heaven is flecked
 With isles of light, and paths of shining rest :

Even so the Star that heralded Christ's birth
 Shall gleam amongst us,—till the source of Light
 Shall come again with glory to the Earth,
 And bring the Eternal Dawn that knows no Night.

C. NORTON.

THE CHINESE CAPITAL, PEKIN.

For many years, at intervals, the Muse of History, though busy enough in other parts of the earth, has been hovering ominously over China.

With this great Mongolian consolidation of 350 millions of human beings, massed together in the extreme east of

Asia, exhibiting a civilization marvelously developed in a thousand respects, and yet altogether different from our own or any other known to us, and tracing back their continuous but isolated history to a time anterior to all Greek or Roman fame, the western

nations have been conscious of their connexion only since that comparatively recent time when modern navigation enabled them first to think of the earth as a limited globe, one cheek of which had too long been out of cognisance of the other. In the maritime intercourse with China which then began, Great Britain at last took the lead. From the year 1637, indeed, when the first English ship visited China, onwards for more than a century, the trade was rather insignificant—only a subordinate portion of the then not very extensive trade of the East India Company. During the last hundred and twenty years, however, the teas, the silks, and other produce of China have been the objects of a growing commerce with Great Britain; until now, out of the exports of these articles from China to all parts of the world, Britain takes, for herself and her colonies, much the largest portion.

In the management of this trade we have necessarily come more and more into conflict with that desire which the Chinese have shown, at least under their present dynasty, to keep themselves shut in, as before, from the rest of the world. How to increase access to this great country—consisting of eighteen vast provinces (not including its huge outlying Tartar dependencies), each of unknown wealth and resources, and studded with towns and cities—has been a standing question in the policy of Britain. In the reign of George the Third there were two embassies to the Chinese Emperor for this purpose—Lord Macartney's in 1792, and Lord Amherst's in 1816. Both failed in the objects directly contemplated; and, so long as the monopoly of the East India Company lasted, Canton in Southern China was the sole point in a coast line of 2,500 miles, at which commercial intercourse with the Empire was permitted.

Meanwhile our geographers had been nibbling along the whole extent of this coast-line—telling us of such large cities as Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, all to the north of Canton, and fitted

to be ports for our trade; as well as of the mouths of great rivers, such as the Yang-tse-kiang and the Hoang-ho, through which there might be communication with other great inland cities, lying on their banks, and with the vast system of canals ramifying through the interior of China. Above all, the importance of our not confining ourselves to Southern China, but having also free access to its northern shores—and especially to that northern gulf of Pe-che-lee, from which, by means of the Pei-ho, or White River, we might communicate directly with the Imperial Court at Peking—had begun to be insisted on. Not till we had ceased to be merely despised visitors, by permission, at one Southern Chinese port, having no communication with the seat of Empire, save through thousands of intervening miles and chains of intercepting mandarins—not till we had direct dealings with the Court of Peking itself, through some such permanent agency or mission there as had been allowed to the Russian Government, in virtue of the overland connexion of the two Empires, ever since 1728—could our relations with China be on a proper footing. It had been one of the objects of Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's embassies to obtain the liberty of such a resident agency; and ever since these embassies had sailed up the waters of the Peiho towards Peking—which they were obliged to do under native flags proclaiming to the inhabitants along the banks that they were embassies from the King or Britain carrying tribute to the Chinese Emperor—the Peiho, as the pathway to Peking, was a name of interesting anticipations.

The East India monopoly came to an end in 1834, and the extension of private trade with Canton gave a stimulus to the Chinese question. The dispute about the importation of opium, and the seizure and burning of some 20,000 chests of opium, British property, in the city and river of Canton, by Commissioner Lin, led to the Chinese war of 1839-42; the conclusion of which was the treaty of August, 1842, by which the Emperor

agreed to an indemnity of twenty-one millions of dollars, to equality of etiquette in the correspondence between British and Chinese officials; to the dissolution of the native Hong company of merchants, with which alone trade at Canton had, till then, been legal; to the cession of the island of Hong-Kong, in perpetuity, to the British; and to the opening of the four additional ports of Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, to British merchants. Still, the great object of direct communication with Peking, through a resident mission, was left in abeyance; and with the new facilities that had been gained we had to be content for some fifteen years.

It was during this period of renewed peace with China that there began to be heard of that great internal movement among the Chinese, the Tae-Ping rebellion, which seemed to augur a spontaneous disintegration going on within the bosom of the great Mongolian mass, constituting of itself a phenomenon of extraordinary interest to the student of history, and sure, sooner or later, to connect itself with the contemporary agitation for the opening of China from without. This great and as yet ill-understood rebellion—which, beginning in the southern province of Quang-si, in 1851, extended itself to other parts, until in a few years large tracts of China were wrested from the Imperial authority, including the great city of Nankin—would of itself have justly attracted European regards to China, even had there not been the more direct interest of recent events.

In 1856, there arose that fresh rupture between the British and the Chinese authorities at Canton which threw a new Chinese war in our hands—already full enough with the great Indian mutiny of 1857-8. This time, after Canton had been dealt with, and Yeh taken prisoner, the Peiho became the scene of operations; it was up that river, in the direction of the capital, Peking, that our forces were pushed, and it was at Tientsin, a large town on this river, about thirty miles in a straight line from its mouth, and some seventy-five miles in a

straight line from Peking, that Lord Elgin, after foiling all the efforts of subordinate Chinese diplomacy, concluded, with the two Plenipotentiaries of the Emperor, Kweiliang and Hwashana, who were sent at last to negotiate with him, the famous Treaty of June 26, 1858. By this Treaty, which consisted of forty-seven articles, many advantages were gained. Not only was the navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang thrown open, and the new ports and cities of New-Chwang, Tang-Chow, Tai-Wau, Chau-Chow, and Kiung-Chow, added to the former list of five places where the British might trade in the Chinese dominions; not only was it granted that there might be one or more British Consuls to reside at their pleasure at any of these ports; not only was full liberty of travel through the interior of China conceded to British subjects, under passports signed by the Consuls, and countersigned by the local authorities; not only were guarantees given for the liberty of religion and the respect everywhere of British rights and property—but the great point of a British residence, on the scale of a regular embassy, at Peking, for more close intercourse with the Imperial Court, was also yielded.¹

By this important Treaty of Tientsin, it seemed as if the long desired opening of the Chinese Empire to intercourse with the rest of the world was at last fully accomplished. For, though Britain was the power chiefly interested, and though Lord Elgin's persistence obtained for her certain advantages in excess of those granted to the other powers, yet other powers participated in the general benefit. Both the Russian and the American Governments availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain privileges which they could not have obtained but for the pressure which the British Ambassador had brought to bear upon the Imperial counsels. In short,—and, more particularly, when Lord Elgin took the occasion to visit Japan, in the

¹ See the complete English text of the Treaty, in the Appendix to Vol. I. of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission*.

wake of the Americans,—it seemed as if from his mission might date the break-up of the obstinate system of isolation in which the Mongolian portions of humanity had so long maintained themselves, and the commencement of a new era in their relations with the rest of the world.

It is worthy of notice that, in the Treaty of Tientsin, there was a virtual recognition of the existing Mantchoo dynasty as the sole rightful power in China, and a virtual repudiation of the Tae-pings as rebels with whom no connexion was desired. Notwithstanding the claims advanced on behalf of the Tae-pings to European sympathy, by reason both of the wild native adaptation of Christianity which mingles with their creed, and also of their pretensions to represent ancient Chinese independence against existing Tartar rule, this repudiation of all connexion with them seems to have been, up to the time of the Treaty of Tientsin, a deliberate part of the policy of all the British officials in China, and, indeed, of all British residents there, save a few.

But the Treaty of Tientsin proved a farce. However the Chinese at large, with their readiness for commerce, may have been disposed to regard the provisions of the Treaty, the Imperial Government, or the party strongest in the Imperial counsels, resolved to evade the reception of the British Envoy at Peking, as constituting a ground on which they could appeal to inveterate Chinese feeling, and to trust to the new chapter of accidents that would have to enact itself ere the troublesome barbarians should reappear on the Peiho, in force sufficient to compel satisfaction. Thus occurred that resistance to the advance of the British Envoy, Mr. Bruce, and that loss of British life in trying to force through the resistance, which occasioned the second mission of Lord Elgin.

Since the comparative lull of the Italian struggle, no news has been so anxiously waited for as news of the progress of the brave little expedition of the British and their French allies, sent to rectify matters in China. The

news of what had happened up to the 22d of September was of a kind to make the anxiety more eager and intense. The allies had made their way gradually up the course of the Peiho by the help of perseverance and their Armstrong guns, till they had left Tientsin—which was the extreme limit of the former expedition—far behind, and were in the close vicinity of Peking. Here, having defeated the Tartar army in all engagements up to this point; having thus shown that there was nothing between them and Peking, if they chose to attack it; but having, at the same time, shown no special desire to proceed to this extremity, but rather a desire to treat with the emperor beyond its walls—they were waiting in full expectation of commissioners to be sent out to them for the purpose, and had arranged only for a visit of the ambassadors to Peking afterwards, with a selected escort, when there took place the treacherous movement of the Tartar general, Sang-ko-lin-sin, and the sudden capture and abduction of Mr. Parkes, Mr. Loch, Mr. De Norman, Captain Anderson, Captain Brabazon, Mr. Bowlby, and their French and Sikh companions. Whether this was a plot of the Imperial court, or only a plot of Sang-ko-lin-sin, as the head of a Tartar war-party resolved on further resistance without regard to consequences, only one policy remained for Lord Elgin and the allies—action to the uttermost against Peking, and no negotiation, or hint of negotiation, till the captives had been given up or accounted for.

Peking, before which an army of British and French lay encamped in such singular circumstances, is likely henceforth to be a more familiar name to European ears than it was before it was so visited. There had indeed been descriptions of Peking, but they were scanty and far-scattered. There is a description, accompanied with a plan, in Du Halde's great work on China (1736). Something more is added in Sir George Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy (1798), and in Mr., afterwards

Sir John, Barrow's "Travels in China" (1804), in the train of the same embassy. General accounts of the place and its environs, from these and other sources, may be found in most popular works on China. By far the most authentic and minute description, however, is one in Russian, published at St. Petersburg in 1829, by Father Hyacinth Richurinski, who was chief of the Russian mission in Peking from 1807 to 1821. Father Hyacinth professes to have founded his account on a sort of native Chinese guide-book to Peking, published in 1788, but to have brought it down to his own day by his own observations and those of Chinese assistants. A French translation of his work was published at St. Petersburg in the same year, 1829; and a large map or plan of Peking—in fac simile or adaptation of an original Chinese map—accompanied both the Russian edition and the French. In the *Chinese Repository* for February and March, 1834 (published at Canton), there is an account of Peking of considerable length, derived chiefly from Father Hyacinth's work, but with additional particulars obtained from Chinese natives.

From all these accounts, a good deal more is to be learnt about Peking than what may be derived from a glance at its site as marked on any of our general maps of China—to wit, that it is an inland city in Pe-che-lee, the extreme northern province of China Proper; nearly a hundred miles in direct distance from the sea, to which its nearest access is by the Peiho; and about sixty miles from the great Chinese wall, which divides China Proper from the native region of the Tartars.

Peking, these authorities tell us, is more properly, *Pe-king*, i.e. "Northern Capital;" in distinction from Nankin, which, in like manner, properly *Nan-king*, or "Southern Capital." Both cities have been regarded as capitals by the Chinese Emperors, until now that Nankin is lost to them by being in the hands of the rebels. But, on the whole, Peking has been more especially the imperial residence and seat of government since

Yung-lo, the third emperor of the Ming Dynasty, removed thither from Nankin (A.D. 1408) to be nearer the Tartars, who were threatening his northern frontier. Since the accession of the present Ta-tsing dynasty of Mantchoo-Tartars (1644), they have naturally, for a similar reason, kept their residence in a city so near their original country, whence they may yet derive Tartar strength to keep down the Chinese, or whither they may return for refuge if necessary; and the present Emperor, Hienfung, has been content, as his fathers were, to remain in this spot or its vicinity, as the nominal, and to some extent the real, centre of a vast system of rule extending over the 350 millions that inhabit China, and also over all the area of the annexed dependencies. For Peking is emphatically a seat of Empire—a city of Imperial residences and Government-offices. It is not a seat of trade or manufacture, and to a great extent it depends for its subsistence on grain and other supplies brought into it from the south.

The entire area of Peking itself, not counting its suburbs, is said to be about twenty-seven square miles, and the population to be over two millions. That the population is not greater, considering the great extent of the area, is accounted for by the fact that there are large vacant spaces within the walls. These walls are all of Peking that the stranger sees on approaching it from the outside. There is no such spectacle of spires, towers, or chimneys as generally greets a traveller on approaching a town. The entire circuit of the walls is about twenty-five miles. These walls were built between 1421 and 1439; or rather a portion of them, for the city consists really of two parts—a northern city of great traditional antiquity, and a southern city subsequently attached to it, and walled round about 1553. It was intended that the attached city should at length encircle the more ancient one; and hence it is still called the *exterior city*, while the other is called the *interior city*. After the accession of the Tartar dynasty, it was endeavoured to keep the northern city chiefly for the Tartars,

and to aggregate the Chinese rather in the other; and hence also the names of the *Tartar city* and the *Chinese city* applied severally to the two portions. But both these modes of naming the two divisions of Pekin would now mislead; for the so-called exterior city does not surround the interior, but is only attached to it on the south, and the so-called Tartar city is inhabited as much by Chinese as by Tartars. *Northern city* and *Southern city* are the most appropriate names; and the shape or ground-plan of the conjoint city may be best represented by fancying a rectangle of nearly square shape resting on another nearly rectangular figure of greater breadth than the square, but considerably less altitude.

The walls of Pekin are sufficiently remarkable. They are of brick enclosing earthwork, but are strengthened in many parts with stone. They are about forty feet high; about twenty feet thick at the base; but, owing to the slope of their inner side, only about twelve feet wide atop—breadth sufficient, however, to permit men to march, or horsemen to ride, abreast upon them. At about every sixty yards is a square tower, projecting fifty or sixty feet outwards from the line of the wall. There are sixteen gates in all leading into the city from the surrounding country—nine in the northern or Tartar, and seven in the southern or Chinese city. At each of these gates the wall is strongly faced with granite; over each is a watch-tower, nine storeys high, with portholes for cannon in each storey; and round each on the outside is a semicircular wall, provided with a side-gate, and enclosing a space for parade. The army for the defence of Pekin, consisting of 80,000 men, is distributed round the walls, with the gates for its chief stations, and is divided into eight Banners, each associated with a particular gate, and called the Yellow Banner, the Yellow-bordered Banner, the White Banner, the White-bordered Banner, the Red Banner, the Red-bordered Banner, the Blue Banner, and the Blue-bordered Banner.

As regards the interior of Pekin, the description divides itself into two parts—that of the northern, interior, or Tartar city, called *NEI-TCHING*; and that of the southern, exterior, or Chinese city, called *WAI-TCHING*. Though the two are contiguous, there is a separating wall, with gates, between them.

I. NEI-TCHING, OR THE NORTHERN CITY. The descriptions of this city are more minute and graphic than of the other; and there is accessible a separate map of it, in facsimile of a Chinese original, published by Major Jervis, in 1843. Its area is about sixteen square miles; but this area is divided into three distinct parts—an inner or central block, called the *Prohibited city*, forming a rectangle of about two miles round, walled in from the rest by a strong wall of bright yellow colour, and containing the Imperial palace and the buildings and grounds belonging to it; next, the *Hwang-Ching* or *Imperial city*, forming a kind of hollow rectangle enclosing this central or innermost block, measuring about six miles round, and also walled and gated; and, lastly, the *General city*, or *third enclosure*, lying between the imperial city and the outer wall of the whole.

1. The Prohibited city.—This innermost or central block, walled in with its yellow wall, and not cut through by the streets which intersect the rest of the town, is the Paradise of Pekin in the Chinese descriptions—the fit abode of the celestial Emperor and his household. The splendour begins at the gates and avenues which connect this space of palaces with the outer city. One of these is “Woo-mun” or the “Meridian gate,”—a gate of three avenues, with a solar dial on the one side, and a lunar dial on the other, and also a tower containing a gong and bell, which are struck and rung when the Emperor enters or departs. Another of the gates, called “Tae-ho-mun” or “gate of Extensive Peace,” is one of five avenues, and is a structure of white marble, 110 feet high, ascended by steps; whereon the Emperor on stated days receives the prostrations of his minis-

ters. Then, among the buildings, is "Keen-ting-kung" or "the Tranquil palace of Heaven,"—the Emperor's private palace; the loftiest, richest, and most magnificent of all the palaces; in the court before which is a small tower of gilt copper, adorned with a great number of figures, beautifully executed, and on the east side of the tower a large vessel, likewise of gilt copper, in which incense is burnt day and night. The Chinese descriptions mention also, as of note, "Kwan-ning-kung," or "the palace of the Earth's Repose," i.e. the palace of the Imperial Consort; "Fung-seen-teen," or "the temple of Imperial Ancestors," where the Emperor sacrifices on great occasions; also "Ching-hwang-menou," or "the temple of the Guardian Deity of the City;" also "Nan-heun-teen," or the hall of portraits of the Chinese emperors and sages, arranged according to their degrees of merit; also "Nuy-ko," or the council-chamber, the treasury, and other offices; also "Chuen-sin-teen," or "the hall of intense mental exercises"—which the reader might suppose, from the name, to be the hall devoted to the Civil Service examinations of which he has heard as universal in China, but which seems rather to be a place sacred to the memory of Confucius; also "Wan-yuen-ko," or "the hall containing the literary abyss," i.e., the Imperial library; and "Woo-ying-teen," or the Imperial Printing Establishment, whence is issued daily the *Imperial or Peking Gazette*, for circulation exclusively among the mandarins and officials throughout the empire. There are, besides, gardens and pleasure grounds; the most notable of which is the Imperial flower garden, containing beautiful walks, groves, fountains, and shrines.

(2). *The Imperial City*.—In the hollow rectangle, so named, interposed between the central palatial block, and the outer rim of the town, are many of the palaces of princes of different ranks, of which there are said by Father Hyacinth to be about 700 in all throughout the whole city of Peking. The gates here are also objects of interest, and have

characteristic names. Then there are many temples and altars—among which are noted "Tae Meaou," or "the Great Temple," dedicated to the ancestors of the present dynasty, the outer wall of which is said to be 3,000 feet in circuit; "Shay-tseih-tan," or the altar of the gods of land and grain; a temple to the discoverer of the silk-worm; and "Chen-fu-tse," or "the Temple of Great Happiness"—which is a large Buddhist temple, with a copper statue of Buddha, sixty feet high. Here also are some stores and government-offices. But much of the space is laid out in pleasure-grounds for the wealthier inhabitants. Here is "Kingshan," an artificial mountain, 150 feet high, with terraces, walks, pavilions, and plantations in which are birds, hares, rabbits, &c. Here also is an artificial lake, with a bridge of white marble, of nine arches, and an island called "The Marble Isle," which is a hill of groves, temples, and summer-houses. Here also is "Tseou-yuen," or "the Plantain Garden," full of fruit-trees, shrubs, &c. and containing a lake on which there is yachting in summer and skating in winter.

(3). *The General City*.—It is in this city, forming a wide hollow rectangle between the Imperial city and the outer walls, that the general bustle of Peking is to be seen, and the great mass of Peking life is lodged. Here are most of the public offices—including the six supreme tribunals or boards, known as the Board of Civil Offices, the Board of Revenue, the Board of Rites and Ceremonies, the Board of War, the Board of Public Works, and the Board of Punishments; also, "Le fan-yuen," or the office of Foreign Affairs; "Too-chayuen," or the Imperial Censorate; "Kung-yuen," or the office for examining Candidates for Degrees; also, "Hanlin-yuen," or the Grand National College; also, "Tae-e-yuen," or the Great Medical College; also, the Observatory, the Police-office, &c. Here, too, are the Russian Mission, the Mohamedan Mosque, and buildings for the reception of Deputies from the Asiatic powers visiting Peking. There are, besides,

many palaces of the princes, and many temples and shrines—the large Buddhist temple called “the Temple of Eternal Peace;” another magnificent Buddhist temple called “the White Pagoda;” the Temple of the Successive Generations of Kings and Emperors; the Temple of the Deity protecting the Imperial family; and an Altar to the Pole-Star. Here also is the enclosure for the Imperial Elephants.

The main streets which intersect the general city—some of them from north to south through its entire length, others broken short by the inner block of the Imperial city, and others running at right angles, as connexions from east to west—are described as great thoroughfares, from 140 to 200 feet wide, not paved, and constantly watered into a state of muddiness, to keep down the dust. It is not in these main streets that the public offices, the temples, and the dwelling-houses of the bulk of the inhabitants, are situated. They are continuous lines of shops, painted red, blue, green, &c., with flaunting signs and advertisements, and a profusion of gilt characters, and the wares exposed in front. The great streets proceeding from the gates, and named after them—as “the Great Street of the Sze Chih Gate,” “the Great Street of the Tih Shing Gate,” &c.—are from morning to night incessant streams of clamorous life. At the sides are the shopkeepers recommending and vending their wares, pedlars, mountebanks, quack-doctors, and policemen with bamboo canes pushing about among them to keep order; while up and down at a slow rate in the midst, through all the interruptions, go vehicles, foot-passengers, strings of dromedaries, men on horseback, and occasionally Tartar horsewomen—for the Tartar women go about more freely than the Chinese, and do not compress their feet. At the intersection of these main streets with the cross streets, are curious structures looking like triumphal arches, which are really monuments to illustrious persons. At night the roar of the great streets continues, and torches and painted paper lanterns illuminate their length.

What of the general city does not consist of these great streets of shops, is one vast network of narrow streets and lanes, containing, as we have said, many of the public offices, temples, and also manufacturing and stores of various kinds, and the dwelling-houses of the populace. Here are the names of some of these inferior streets and lanes, culled from Major Jervis's facsimile of the native map—“Fetid Hide Street,” “Dog's-tooth Street,” “Cut-asunder Street,” “Barbarian Street,” “Board of Punishment Street,” “Dog's-tail Street,” “Boat Plank Street,” “Obedience Street,” “Water-wheel Street,” “Cow's Horn Bend,” “Newly-opened Street,” “Pay and Rations Street,” “Goddess of Mercy Temple Street,” “Mutton Street,” “Sugar Place Street,” “Old Screen Street,” “Pine Street,” “Immeasurably Great Street,” “Proboscis Street,” “Handkerchief Street,” “Stone Tiger Street.” Along these streets, the numberless lanes connecting them, and indeed all through Peking, the houses are generally but of one storey, built of brick, with the roofs of a grey colour, or painted red, or (the imperial houses only) yellow. Owing to the deficiency of water-supply—all the water in the town being from the one Imperial canal—and also owing to what Barrow calls the “frowy” habits of the Chinese, the lanes and narrow streets are by no means savoury; and Father Hyacinth speaks of the “insupportable odour,” meeting one everywhere in walking through the more thickly peopled parts.

II. WAI-TCHING, OR THE SOUTHERN CITY.—This second division of Peking, also known as the outer or Chinese city, is more thickly built on than the northern division—resembling it in its main features where it is occupied by houses, but distinguished chiefly as the quarter where there are the theatres and other places of public amusement for the Pekinese, and as having a large portion of its space occupied by two great temples. One of these is “Teen-Tan,” or “the Temple of Heaven,” occupying, with its grounds, a circuit of three miles; the other is “Tee-Tan,” or “the

Temple to Earth," within the circuit of which the Emperor performs every year the national ceremony of ploughing with his own hands.

In the vicinity of Peking, both in the suburbs close to the walls, and at some distance along the paved roads which lead from the gates, there are many objects of interest—temples, shrines, &c. From the east side of the Chinese city goes the Imperial canal, and from the same side of the Tartar city a broad, level, granite-paved road—both joining Peking with the town of Tung-chow, about twelve miles off, situated on the Peiho. Another road, leaving Peking on the north side, leads to the great Chinese wall, at a place called Keu-pi-keu, and thence to the imperial residence of Yeh-hol, in Tartary, 136 miles north-east from Peking. Hither it was that Lord Macartney followed the Emperor in his embassy of 1792-3. Much nearer to Peking—distant, indeed, but a few miles in a north-west direction—is the famous "Yuen-men-yuen," or summer residence of the Chinese Emperors. The grounds of "Yuen-men-yuen," says Barrow, are at least ten English miles in diameter, and consist of waste and woodlands, in part not unlike Richmond Park, with canals, streams, sheets of water, hills, pleasure-houses, gardens, and thirty distinct places of residence for the Emperor, with attached offices for his ministers, eunuchs, &c. Here Chinese landscape-gardening and Chinese architecture were to be seen to perfection. Mr. Barrow, however, does not seem to have thought much of either, or indeed of the boasted splendour of Yuen-men-yuen generally.

Respecting all this remote region of Eastern Asia, including Peking and its vicinity, we shall, doubtless, soon learn a great deal that will supersede or antiquate much that has been here set down. For, in the interval between that 22nd of September, when the British and French forces were still at some short distance from Peking, with their blood roused for any course that

would rescue or release their captured fellow-countrymen, and that 5th of November to which, while we write, the last despatch carries us back—what a story of striking transactions! The resolute advance of the allies—Lord Elgin showing himself nobly equal to the emergency; the occupation and "looting" of the Imperial summer-palace of Yuen-men-yuen; the preparations for an assault on Peking itself; the inch-by-inch yielding of the Imperial officials under the terror of these preparations; the cession of two of the gates of the city to the Allies; their encampment on the walls, and the raising there of the British and French flags—the rumour of which event, as of nothing less than the fall of Peking and the overthrow of the rule of the Flowery Emperor, may even now be flying through the Asiatic populations; the dispersion of the Tartar army, and the flight of the Emperor to Yeh-hol; the subsequent negotiations, and their consummation in a new, and, it is to be hoped, lasting treaty, equal to that of Tientsin, if not of larger scope; the evacuation of Peking, leaving the Emperor free to return, and undertake his dominions again, a wiser and a better man, under the new conditions which the barbarians from the west had imposed,—of all this the newspapers have recently informed us, though we still expect the details. Mingled with all this is the thought of the sufferings, and the deaths, of those of our fellow-countrymen whose capture is the incident round which the rest centres. Of these men, martyrs in this last enterprise of British arms, we ought to hold the memory sacred; and, not the least, of that one among them who (if our fears prove true) has fallen a victim in a peculiar career of literary service—upon whom his countrymen at home depended for the fullest reports from those scenes of quaint interest and of danger—and from whom, had he lived and been at liberty, they would by this time have had pictures, such as can hardly now be looked for soon, of "the Chinese capital, Peking."